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BAITERS.

[AFTER COLIN HUNTER A.R.A.

THE LAST REQUIREMENT.

BY H. RUTHERFORD RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "FOUR LADY MASSEY."



I HAVEN'T COME TO BEG THIS TIME.

IT was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon, and Mrs. Walsingham had dropped asleep in her comfortable arm-chair. She always dozed a little now, after taking her lunch. There was no sound in the drawing-room to disturb her, except the hopping and pecking of the canary in its cage on a side-table, and the occasional tapping of a leaf against the window-pane when the wind happened to blow that way. The old lady looked a perfect picture of placid, contented old age. Her breath came and went peacefully; the expression of the much-lined face was one of peace: the whole room, in its refined luxury and delicate order, suggested peace. To all appearance she had reached a lull, a calm, after the long storm of life, before going out of sight into the invisible haven of rest for altogether.

Presently the door creaked gently, and she opened her eyes and raised herself without alarm. It was the butler, a grey-haired man—

grown grey in her service—stepping softly forward not to startle her.

"What is it, Lockhart?"

"Mr. Reynolds, ma'am."

"Show him up," answered his mistress, quite wide awake and collected.

Mr. Reynolds was the rector of the parish, and lived within half a mile of her lodge gates. They were friends of nearly twenty years' standing, and understood each other perfectly, in spite of occasional differences.

"Ah, Mr. Reynolds," began Mrs. Walsingham, holding out her hand in the most cordial manner, and shaking one finger at him, "it's no use your walking over to beg again. It was only last Thursday you came about the choir fund. What is it now?"

"I haven't come to beg this time," he answered gravely, seating himself in the low chair opposite her. She glanced at him out of her shrewd grey

eyes—time had not lessened their shrewdness. There was a moment's pause. His manner betrayed a certain nervousness. He began unconsciously fingering the newspaper that lay on the black table beside him, and nearly upset a pale blue Venetian glass with two late rosebuds in it.

"No, I haven't come to beg," he repeated without looking at her. Then he suddenly bent forward with an effort. "Do you know that Mrs. Leslie Walsingham has taken the rooms over Williams's shop in the village?"

The faintest possible tremor passed over the old lady's face: it only lasted a second. She answered, in a clear cold voice:

"There is no such person."

Mr. Reynolds was still bending forward in the same position. Their eyes met. Hers expressed nothing whatever.

"But," he expostulated, "Watson hasn't any doubt about the matter. I thought he explained it yesterday. And a lawyer must know. He cannot make a mistake."

"There is no such person," Mrs. Walsingham spoke in exactly the same tone.

Mr. Reynolds rose abruptly. He took one turn up and down the room, and then went to the window, and stared out on to the smooth green lawn with its trim flower-beds, and the gleam of the river beyond—stared out, seeing nothing, standing with his back to her. His spirit was sorely vexed within him. He thought his old friend wrong, decidedly wrong. He was convinced she was acting against her own conscience, quite out of keeping with the unswerving rectitude of her ordinary course. He could not bear to be compelled to waver in his affectionate regard: it caused him positive pain to recognise the faintest possible stain on the spotlessness of her conduct during these her latter days. And yet, at the same time, his heart ached for her, that this ugly trial should so unexpectedly have met her, at a period when she might reasonably have expected the strain and stress of temptation to be fairly over. It seemed indeed hard to him that at seventy-five years of age the sore work of spiritual purification should still be incomplete. Had he acted wisely in interfering? He scarcely knew.

It was Mrs. Walsingham who broke the silence.

"You've never told me how Kate Brown is behaving. Does your wife find her very troublesome in the kitchen? Is she improving at all?" She asked the question in her usual pleasant tone of voice, and looked unconcernedly up with an inquiring smile. The rector turned and resumed his seat. There was nothing else to be done, but his manner was by no means as unconstrained as hers.

"My wife finds her rather a handful," he replied. "Still, we want to give her a chance, poor girl."

The door opened again, and Lockhart once more appeared.

"What is it? The carriage." She turned to Mr. Reynolds: "Oh, yes, I forgot. I ordered it at three o'clock. I have to go to Cleveland to say good-bye to the Halls. Lucy sails for India to-morrow."

The rector took the hint and rose.

"Can I not set you down anywhere?" she added. "No, thank you." He still spoke stiffly. "I'm on my way to Miller's farm. The youngest child there is ill."

Mrs. Walsingham held out her hand to bid him good-bye. Their eyes met again.

"Ah, well," she said in her sprightly manner. "Remember, you dine with me on Friday. No excuses this time."

He passed on in front of her, fairly defeated.

She rang immediately for her maid to bring her cloak and bonnet, and then proceeded to walk downstairs with almost as steady a step and as upright a figure as in the days of her youth. Ever since her husband's death she had lived alone in a sort of self-sufficing stately solitude. No one ever dreamt of suggesting that she required a companion; she liked to keep up with her neighbours in the county; read the daily papers, and generally managed to get hold of the latest magazine or novel, or last volume of sermons of any importance, and took a deep interest in the stirring problems of the day. Altogether she was considered a remarkable old lady, universally admired and respected. Her old-fashioned carriage with its old-fashioned coachman and footman and pair of chestnut horses were very familiar objects in the village of Leighton Green. The hood was down to-day, even though a piercing east wind was blowing. She was therefore not sorry to draw her grey fur cloak close round her. But she never once turned her head or raised her eyes as they drove leisurely past Williams's shop.

Had Mrs. Walsingham looked up just then, she must have noticed a figure in black seated near the window. It was that of a plump little person, with a head of very untidy flaxen hair, two light blue eyes without any particular expression, pink cheeks and meaningless mouth, the exact type that the ironmonger's young assistants below found irresistibly pretty. Her dress, made of a cheap material, was fashionably cut, the crape down the front already soiled and worn. The apartment was as untidy as herself. The common furniture was heaped together in confusion. Upon the table there was a black bottle, a tumbler half full of porter, and a plate of bread and butter. A baby about three months old lay on two chairs, supported on a couple of pillows taken from off the bed, wrapped in a tartan shawl, fast asleep.

Mrs. Leslie Walsingham lost her husband a few weeks before the child was born. He died suddenly, without any warning of illness; he was found dead in his room one morning. The news came as hardly any shock to his mother; he had never been either a comfort or honour to the Walsingham family. From childhood he had grown up a poor aimless creature. At an early age he had married, and lost his wife the following year. Afterwards his time had been spent between English and Continental health resorts, dawdling through an empty existence, as a semi-invalid nursing his imaginary ailments. He had finally settled upon Bath as his headquarters, and hardly ever went near his mother. She had long resigned herself to her disappointment in him. It had become

quite an old story, belonging altogether to the past, like so many of her other sorrows and disappointments. It was whilst staying in apartments in Bath that Mr. Leslie Walsingham had amazed Eliza Jones, the lodging-house keeper's daughter, one morning by asking her to marry him! She



THE GENTLEMAN HAD REALLY ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM.

flew straight downstairs to the kitchen to her mother, forgetting to carry the breakfast tray with her. The gentleman had really asked her to marry him! She had read of such beautiful and wonderful romances in the paper she took in every week for a penny, but never, never did she imagine anything so glorious would come her way. Her face was flushed with excitement, and in her hurry she wiped her crimson cheeks with her apron, forgetting how dirty it was. Imagine giving up all the dismal dreary drudgery of attending upon ungrateful lodgers, the toiling from morning to night—imagine leaving the perpetual worry for ever and ever, being no longer hunted, pressed, struggling, shabby, to become straight off a real lady, able to sit down whenever she chose, with plenty of smart dresses and bonnets, and a purse full of money always ready in her pocket: what an enchanting prospect!

"Does he really mean it, 'Liza?" whispered her cautious mother, after listening open-mouthed.

"Ah, yes; he really means it," answered 'Liza breathlessly.

And, in fact, before another month had elapsed, the deed was accomplished. Leslie Walsingham never hesitated, following his impulses without regard to consequences. Moreover, in this case,

there was no one to interfere with him. The affair went off so quietly, hardly a creature knew about it. Only he did not happen to mention the little business to his mother. Why should he? There would simply have been a row. He hated rows. He was also particularly lazy over letter-writing. It need not be added that his wife never troubled him with questions. She accepted her extraordinary fortune without the slightest trepidation. In truth, she had a delicious holiday—lived, dressed, ate, drank, and idled, and filled her private friends with envy at the mere sight of her amazing good luck. Her husband was kind to her, and spoilt her; he amused himself by basking in the sunshine of her radiant good temper; it was an acceptable change to the tame monotony of his ordinary routine. How the romance might have continued was never brought to the test, as it came to an abrupt conclusion on the morning that Leslie was found stretched on the floor of his dressing-room stone dead, after the servant had knocked for nearly half an hour at his door without receiving any answer.

Then, for the first time, Eliza found herself alone, face to face with the practical details of life. She was not only entirely ignorant, but extremely silly, and cramful of illusions, and this unlooked-for episode thus early in her career had merely added to their extravagance. No sooner was her baby born than she posted to her unknown mother-in-law a frightfully misspelt epistle in an uneducated hand. She also discovered Mr. Watson the lawyer's address amongst her husband's papers, and wrote to him; but she forgot to put the name of the town on the envelope, so it naturally never reached him. Receiving no reply, she wrote again. As the silence continued, she determined to take the train to Leighton Green with her baby, and carry it straight to its grandmother. Her funds would not long hold out, and positively there was nothing else to be done. She knew the place a little, for Mr. Williams the ironmonger was second cousin to her father, and she had once stayed there a few days when a fair was being held there. The plan presented no difficulty whatever to her imagination; it indeed seemed the simplest in the world. She merely beheld in it the proper continuance of the first chapter of her romance. Her position as a forlorn attractive young widow only gained in interest in her own eyes, and she pictured a flowery path stretching along in front of her, of perpetual pleasure and worldly glories, and, above all, complete idleness. Mr. and Mrs. Williams decidedly added to this impression by showing her how much of a heroine they considered her. She had still some ready money left, so her welcome was greatly increased as well as her importance. She spent freely too, paying a handsome sum for the bedroom over the shop, and indulging in frequent convivial receptions, which invariably included solid refreshments. All day long, neighbours poured in and poured out, and gossiped to their hearts' content. It was exactly the style of life that suited her.

The first check to the general sense of hilarity was an unexpected visit from Mr. Watson, who had heard an extraordinary rumour of Mrs. Leslie

Walsingham's appearance on the scene, and thought he would like to ascertain for himself who this individual really was. He walked straight-up the stairs one evening when Mrs. Williams was enjoying a friendly supper with her—Mrs. Williams and her cousin Tom, a rising young man in a first-class grocery business, with jet black hair and moustache, far handsomer than her late husband had ever been, who found the blushing widow fascinating to a degree, and did not hesitate to tell her so in the plainest language. She was not adverse to a little admiration by the way, although she never dreamt for a second of considering the matter seriously. However, she was sorry that the severe old gentleman found her so flushed and nervous, and a new sense of terror crept over her, and robbed her of her usual self-possession. They pushed back their chairs in a great hurry; the room was smelling of roast pork and baked potatoes, and stiflingly warm, as the only window was tightly shut. Mrs. Williams and Tom slunk downstairs without a single word. Mr. Watson teased her with a great many questions, particularly about her marriage; when it had taken place; at what church, and who were the witnesses. Every item of information he carefully marked down in his pocket-book. He strongly advised her not to go to see Mrs. Walsingham, saying he would call himself upon that lady, and then let her know what she had better do. He spoke with a cold sort of authority, which did not help to set her at her ease. In fact, the whole interview upset her so completely that she indulged in an extra glass of porter the instant her visitor had departed, and she hastened downstairs to seek Mrs. Williams and pour into her sympathetic ear how fearful the ordeal had proved. The handsome Tom was still lingering to smoke a pipe by the kitchen fire, and quite ready to comfort her. For the first time since that eventful morning when Leslie Walsingham had asked her to be his wife, vague alarms filled her mind; vague presentiments oppressed her, and the path in front did not look so triumphantly victorious or so deliciously smooth and flowery. However, her companions almost succeeded in persuading her that she was "low" that evening; the old lady could only be pleased with such a fine boy for a grandson, and would assuredly "act handsomely" by her.

"If she doesn't," muttered the gallant Tom, significantly placing himself in a threateningly martial attitude, "let her beware!"

The words were rather vague, but the blushing Eliza perfectly understood she possessed a defender in the youthful grocer's assistant, and it certainly sent her to bed more cheerful.

The next morning Eliza rose in better spirits; the sun was shining; she told herself Mrs. Williams was right, and she had been unnecessarily "low" the evening previously. She was seized with a sudden desire to go to the Willows herself, in spite of Mr. Watson's decided injunction to the contrary, and call upon Mrs. Walsingham. She foresaw some kind of scene, something dramatic or romantic, and the prospect rather excited her than otherwise. Without mentioning her expedition to a single soul, she arrayed herself in her best black dress, and mantle to match, and crape bonnet with

its narrow edge of white inside, and, peeping at her face in the glass, settled that she looked a touching picture of a young widow in her first grief. Then, dressing the baby, she started off, walking with an eager, hurried step. She had no particular plan of campaign in her confused little head, or definite scheme for her future, or that of the boy. Her motherhood had hardly awakened any sense of responsibility. In fact, she was herself nothing better than an unreasoning, unthinking child, pleasure-loving—above all, pleasure-loving. She enjoyed feeling herself ill-used, for then her neighbours pitied her. Her present life, with its agreeable idleness, constant coming and going, and cheerful chatter, was just what satisfied her. She would have liked it to go on for ever.

A few minutes' walk brought her to the lodge gates. No one observed her open them and pass in. It must be confessed, this was a decided relief. The sun shone warmly, and she began to feel the baby in her arms a heavy weight. There was still a long walk before she came in sight of the house. Occasionally she caught a glimpse of the river, and the row of willows on the bank, after which the place had received its name. As she approached nearer, she reached an open space of lawn with flower-beds. A gardener was busy rolling the grass, and a tall youth sweeping up the leaves and heaping them into a wheelbarrow. Gradually Eliza grew uncomfortable as well as tired. The building loomed larger and larger in front of her in stately massiveness. Her heart sank. What had she to do with it or its inhabitants? The terror of an unknown world fell upon her. She almost felt inclined to turn round and walk straight back to the snug familiar room over Williams's shop. However, she had arrived at the wide stone steps, and might as easily ring at the door-bell. No sooner did she hear the sound tinkling through the passages than her fright increased still more. It was all she could do to prevent herself running away there and then. Lockhart did not come, but a smart young footman. He never for a second doubted that the new comer belonged to the servants' hall.

"Other door, my good woman, if you please," he remarked pleasantly, tapping her on the shoulder, "round that 'ere corner covered with ivy, and down them steps. You can't miss 'em."

Mrs. Leslie Walsingham coloured crimson; she nearly dropped between shame and fatigue.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Walsingham," she stammered.

The young man eyed her curiously. He thought she was some object of charity possibly.

"Mrs. Walsingham isn't out of her bedroom yet," he answered. "You can see the housekeeper perhaps."

"I—I," began the crestfallen widow, and then paused.

"Sit down here if you like," continued he; "I'll fetch Mrs. White." He meant to be kind, yet felt himself bewildered.

Eliza did as she was bid, and sank into the nearest chair. It happened to be an old Spanish one, covered with stamped leather. Her companion disappeared. She steadied the baby on her knee, and ventured to look around. The walls were

hung with tapestry, and the ceiling above her head was carved and painted. Then her eyes fell on the handsome jars and ornaments, and finally down to the floor, carpeted with strange skins and beautiful rugs. What had she to do with such pomp and grandeur? How could she learn to live among it all? There was a long narrow mirror opposite her, set in a black frame, and in it she suddenly caught sight of her own scared, flushed face. She lifted one hand distractedly, and tried to smooth the dishevelled hair straggling from and under her black bonnet. For the moment her self-complacency had entirely vanished; her vanity was crushed. She was roused by a step beside her. The new comer proved to be a staid upright person, absolutely trim and neat. She gazed inquiringly at the florid and crestfallen Eliza.

"You wanted to speak to Mrs. Walsingham?"



Sydney Cowell

THE OTHER DOOR, MY GOOD WOMAN.

Eliza sprang to her feet, nearly dropping the baby.

"Oh, yes! I'm—I'm Mrs. Leslie Walsingham. Didn't she get my letter?" she added imploringly.

A strange questioning light dawned slowly over the housekeeper's face; but she still maintained the same rigid aspect.

"I wrote when baby was born—after *he* died, you know," whispered Eliza breathlessly. "That's months ago, and as I didn't hear I wrote again. And now I've come myself."

She had drawn a step nearer in her eagerness to explain. Mrs. White glanced at her up and down. She was amazed—simply amazed. The woman did not look like an impostor, she had not self-assurance enough. But then there were impostors and impostors: nothing was too clever for them. Mrs. White's countenance grew cold again at this recollection.

"You had better sit down while I go and see," she remarked, and turned slowly round, leaving Eliza to rest once more on the Spanish-leather chair during her absence. By this time the heir of the Walsinghams had awakened, and began to cry noisily. His mother felt heartily ashamed of the uproar he made in the stately silence of the place, and it took her all her efforts to quiet him. A few minutes later Mrs. White approached with the same still measured step. Eliza instinctively rose, ready to follow her.

"Mrs. Walsingham can't possibly see you," remarked the housekeeper briefly.

"Not see me—or the baby?" stammered the widow, unable to believe her ears.

"She can't see you," repeated the other.

Eliza stared blankly into the speaker's face.

"But what shall I do?"

"I advise you to go home," said Mrs. White.

"But—but—" Eliza remained rooted to the spot, bewildered, and well-nigh speechless.

Mrs. White moved gravely forward and opened the front door.

"I have my orders," she observed shortly; and, before the other knew where she was, she found herself standing outside, on the wide stone steps, the door behind her firmly closed, the heavy baby in her arms roaring louder than ever.

This was not exactly the climax to the dramatic scene as she had pictured it over and over again in her imagination. It had never once crossed her mind that Mrs. Walsingham might refuse to see her. She walked on mechanically in the direction by which she came. The gardener was still rolling the grass, and the tall youth sweeping up the leaves into the wheelbarrow. They seemed to have heard something, for they both stared at her—at least, so she fancied. So did the woman at the lodge gate—she not merely stared, but smiled too. She hurried across the village to Williams's shop, wearily toiled up the narrow stair, pushed open the door into her untidy room, flung herself down on the first chair, and burst out crying like a disappointed, unhappy child.

The news quickly spread through the county that a person calling herself Mrs. Leslie Walsingham had taken up her abode at the very gates of the Willows, in the village, over Williams's shop. People began to question Mr. Watson as to who she was; but he maintained a strict reserve, and absolutely refused to satisfy their curiosity.

Immediately after his visit to Eliza he had taken the trouble to go down to Bath for the express purpose of making inquiries. He visited the church where the marriage took place, and even called upon her mother, Mrs. Jones. It was on his return from that journey that he paid Mrs. Walsingham the visit Mr. Reynolds referred to when the latter called upon that lady. The rector would never have dreamt of interfering in such a delicate matter unless urgently requested to do so by Mr. Watson. There remained no longer any doubt that the unpleasant truth must be recognised sooner or later—Eliza Jones was actually the lawful wife of the late Leslie Walsingham, and the boy his lawful heir. Facts were facts. But the old lady remained obdurate. She simply refused to listen—refused to acknowledge either mother or child.

What was to be done next? Things were absolutely at a dead-lock. The lawyer advocated the policy of calmly waiting to see what turn events would take. He trusted patiently to time and necessity—very different to Mr. Reynolds, who chafed and fretted and vexed himself over his dear old friend's attitude of mind. He hated to hear the harsh judgments which neighbours began to pass on her conduct.

One of the first Sundays after Eliza's arrival at Leighton Green, Mr. Reynolds had noticed her with dismay seated in a prominent seat in the very middle of the church. Her name was already known amongst the congregation, and people stared at her with unconcealed curiosity. It was evident she thoroughly relished her conspicuous position. Judging her strictly from Mrs. Walsingham's exclusive standard, the rector inevitably winced. How would the old lady—the very essence of refinement—tolerate this flaunting young person as a daughter-in-law? And the child of this objectionable creature was her own grandson, that was the worst of it! Yet it did not alter the duty; hard or easy, duty was duty. All these thoughts rushing confusedly through his perturbed brain, just before he rose to deliver his sermon, were not conducive to its success. He felt himself struggling hard not to let his eyes fall on the vulgar figure right in front of the pulpit. Meanwhile, in a back pew, Mrs. Walsingham leant in her corner, amongst her velvet and furs, where he had seen her almost every Sunday for years, erect and motionless. Once, when he did catch sight of her face, the impression that remained with him was its absolute impassiveness. She looked fearlessly at him; he was compelled to own to himself he could guess nothing whatever of what was passing within. Was there anything? Had the long years so stiffened, so hardened her, that she could not bend to the sudden claim of an intolerable duty? Did she not realise she was doing wrong—that she was fighting against facts? Would she never yield before she died? The moment she was gone, no sooner out of the way, than law would assert itself; Leslie Walsingham's son must take his place; what was the use of this stubborn resistance without right on her side? Without right, without dignity, only wearing herself out to no purpose—all a complete waste, destined to end

in defeat! Ah, how sad, how vexing it was! How he longed for the gift, the power, to persuade her! Here Mr. Reynolds suddenly recalled his wandering thoughts to the solemn meaning of the words he was reading aloud from the manuscript spread open on the desk before him. Nevertheless, when he had finished, people agreed he had never preached so dull a sermon.

The old lady at the Willows continued her daily routine undisturbed. She rose at her usual hour, read her letters and newspaper, transacted business with her housekeeper and steward, took a turn on mild mornings and gave her orders to the gardener, ate her lunch, enjoyed her nap, drove out; three times a week at least her carriage with its pair of chestnut horses was to be seen passing Williams's shop. She occasionally invited a neighbour to four-o'clock tea, and even one or two intimate friends to dinner. Apparently no change had taken place in her life; nothing was altered, without or within.

Weeks elapsed, Eliza's ready money was exhausted, and she had applied to Mr. Watson for more. It had gone amazingly fast, she hardly knew how. Her spirits had quickly recovered their serious collapse after her disastrous walk to the Willows. Mrs. Williams helped to wipe away her tears, and told her "law was law, and the downfall of the unrighteous was at hand." She was the sort of woman who invariably quoted Scripture to prove her own cause. She coaxed the depressed widow to come down that same evening to their back parlour to supper, as a return for Eliza's lavish entertainment, and of course Tom was there, very tender and delicately sympathetic. Thus the rollicking days slipped by, in the same round of idleness and gossip. Mr. Watson sent the needed funds without explaining the source from whence they were derived; and as long as Eliza possessed what she required for her immediate pleasures, she did not stop to inquire further. Her romance was working itself out quite as deliciously as she desired. The handsome Tom more than ever formed an exciting background of sensation. She often declared to him that she never wished to go near that dreadful house again, and would simply die of fright outright if she was obliged to stand face to face with the terrible old lady.

The future caused her hardly any anxiety, and the present entirely sufficed her.

The world is frequently unjust in its judgments, from no premeditated cruelty, but sheer lack of knowledge. Had the truth been revealed, in spite of Mrs. Walsingham's impassive face and unchanged demeanour, she was suffering acutely.

Her son's death shook her but slightly; it came from the hands of Providence. She was used now to people dying; one after another was going; she herself was far on her way. But this unequal marriage, secretly contracted—this objectionable wife, never publicly acknowledged—Leslie's silence on the whole subject, struck her like a blow in the dark. It wounded her self-respect, her family pride. The idea of a grandson, the offspring of this common woman, roused nothing in her except antipathy. She revolted from all thought of him at

the Willows after she was gone. Well, let them do what they chose; law was law, and she was powerless; but at present neither mother nor child should intrude upon her privacy. No one could force her to acknowledge them. At least she should remain, and die in the old home at peace.

Had it been possible to leave matters as they were, everything would have been settled. It was not possible. The poor old lady's soul was hopelessly racked; her quiet entirely disturbed. By degrees she became no longer mistress of herself; the tension began to tell upon her nerves. Her servants noticed the difference. One morning when Mrs. Reynolds happened to call, she found her reading her newspaper upside down. (The former came on purpose to discuss Kate Brown's tiresome rebellion in the kitchen.) Mrs. Walsingham was in the habit of indulging in an innocent sleeping draught before retiring to rest—so many drops, administered regularly by Dawson the maid, who had performed the same office without fail for the last ten years. One evening she was amazed beyond expression by her mistress ordering an extra dose.

"Doctor Ritchie told me it was harmless," explained Mrs. Walsingham almost apologetically; "indeed, he always urged my taking more."

"Aren't you feeling well, ma'am?" inquired the astonished woman, peering scrutinisingly forward as she handed the bottle.

"Perfectly well," responded her mistress sharply.

Dawson said no more, but indulged in various remarks in the servants' hall after going downstairs.

Upstairs the old lady lay in the familiar bed, unable to close an eye. The night-light flickering upon the table filled the room with a subdued glow; it shone through the curtains lined with pale lilac. Every article of furniture round her was like an old friend; each one had its own history. The whole place was brimming over with ancient memories. Formerly she used to love to lie on her soft pillows, and go back and back in her mind to the past. In spite of many an unhappy hour, she could say from the bottom of her heart that God had been good to her. The unhappiness had passed away, and she understood beneath all, in spite of all, God had been good to her. She looked forward with a secret thrill to the time, coming daily and hourly nearer, when, the last struggle being over (humbly trusting her sins to His atonement), she might be permitted to see the Holy Christ, and to meet again her husband Richard, dear Richard. At the mere thought her eyes would fill with tender tears. "Christ first, and then Richard," she used to murmur softly. How she had loved them both, no one knew; it was a solemn, sacred experience, about which she never spoke; to please Christ, and Richard—for she linked the two in simple thought without irreverence—remained her one passionate aspiration. Latterly she had begun to hope that the worst of the battle was over, that even she would be kept faithful unto the very end. She sometimes felt rather like a tired child, eager to reach home to rest. In weaker moments a fancy haunted her that Richard was allowed to come back to her. Occasionally in the dark the impression became so

strong, she caught herself crying out aloud, "Is that you, Richard?"

And then she would hastily recollect and check herself, quite ashamed lest Dawson should happen to be outside the door, and had possibly heard her, and settled she was in her dotage. But the last few weeks what had happened?

Something had come, she could not describe what, she failed to express it in words even to herself, between her soul and these thoughts. It was like a great cloud, a terrible black darkness. She almost trembled lest she should be forsaken and left alone to her follies. In her fright and misery she commenced minutely to scan her own conscience. Perhaps the mischief lay at some point of conduct, of commission or omission. Was there any stumbling-block in her daily path? Was she walking purely, uprightly?

"Richard!" she called out in her anguish. "What is it? What is it?"

And slowly the truth was borne in upon the sincere old soul where the trouble had arisen. The black spot was nothing else than her behaviour towards Leslie's wife—that low woman whose very existence she sought to ignore. She must force herself to go to her, to seek her out; she must do it of her own free will; there was no one else to coerce her. Christ the Holy One she should not see, and Richard, her own dear Richard, would never return to her until that blot had been wiped away! This conviction having once dawned upon her, the obligation only grew more peremptory. It flashed upon her irresistibly: what was her duty, what was right. And duty and right and her most sacred recollections were all like one in her mind—inextricably bound up together. Yet how could she ever do it? She was a strong woman—strong to love and strong to hate—strong, above all, to cling to her own way. Time had not weakened her in this respect.

Who can guess the mysterious warfare that rages in a single soul? Who would have supposed there existed any such spiritual struggle beneath so calm an exterior? A desperate conflict commenced between conscience and inclination. By degrees the strain left its mark on the old lady's physical frame. The extra teaspoonful of the sleeping draught failed to secure the necessary sleep. Her breakfast remained untasted after the unrefreshed hours of wakefulness. Her manner grew nervous and irritable. Dawson secretly noticed these symptoms, and seriously turned over in her mind whether it would not be advisable to write to Mrs. Crampton, her mistress's niece, who lived at Prince's Gate in London, the only person she could apply to in any emergency of the kind. She resolved to wait one week more, not a day longer, and watch carefully whether Mrs. Walsingham grew better or worse. Meanwhile a crisis was close at hand.

It was a wet Monday afternoon, and Eliza had lighted a fire in her room over the shop to make it feel less comfortless. She had been out all the morning in the rain, paying a visit to Mrs. Williams's sister, Tom's mother, who lived in a small farm two miles away. The crape on her skirt had been

drenched, so she had taken it off and hung it over the towel-horse to dry, while she sat huddled up in her petticoat, with her plaid shawl wrapped round her shoulders. She was busy dolefully examining the crumpled bows of her dripping bonnet, and puzzling how she could renovate them. Her fringe was in curl-papers, as she was expecting friends later to tea. The baby was propped on a heap of pillows upon the bed in a very dirty white frock and pinafore.

All at once there was a rumble down the street and a loud knock at the front door. Eliza heard the noise without even turning her head, never dreaming it had to do with her. Then followed a bustle up the staircase, and the door was thrust open. Mrs. Williams rushed in, scared and breathless.

"Never! Eliza, if it isn't the old lady, her very self!"

In a second the widow had scrambled to her feet, letting her crape bonnet roll into the grate. Mrs. Walsingham was already across the threshold, gazing inquiringly round. Her looks slowly steadied themselves on Eliza's crimson face.

"Are you—are you—the young person I was asking for?" she said.

"She's Mrs. Leslie Walsingham," replied Mrs. Williams significantly, not without a certain defiant spice of spite in her tone.

The old lady made no reply, simply bowed her head in silent dignified assent. Then moving to the arm-chair, she motioned to Mrs. Williams to leave them. The latter was afraid to disobey; nevertheless, betrayed her resentment by loudly banging the door after her.

Eliza cast one piteous glance at her retreating friend. The idea of being shut in alone with the new comer terrified her beyond expression. She had time to scan her awful visitor during the few seconds' absolute silence which ensued. She glanced up and down the majestic figure enveloped in folds of soft grey fur, taking in every detail—the black lace veil thrown back over the satin bonnet (it was real lace), the smooth silky white hair, the well-gloved hands—a lady, every inch a lady, bred of many generations.

"Sit down," observed the latter. The words were intended as a gentle suggestion, but sounded exactly like a command. Eliza accepted them as a command. She dropped meekly on her chair.

"You are my son's wife?" continued the old lady quietly.

"Yes, ma'am," stammered the other.

"And this is your child?" she remarked presently, turning towards the bed, where the tiny bundle of humanity lay disporting itself without any disquieting sensations. Eliza frantically stretched out one arm, and seized hold of the unfortunate baby so roughly it began to whimper. She was dreadfully ashamed of the dirty frock and pinafore.

"Is he a healthy child?" inquired Mrs. Walsingham in the same calm tone of voice.

"Very healthy, ma'am," returned his mother; she had given him a shake to quiet him.

"I am glad to hear it." In the small crumpled-up red face Mrs. Walsingham could trace a certain

resemblance to some of the members of her own family.

"He's named after his father, Leslie," whispered Eliza.

The old lady winced in spite of herself.

"How long have you been here?" inquired she, recovering herself.

"How long?" repeated Eliza, trying to collect her scattered wits. "Oh, not so very long."

"What did you come for?" asked Mrs. Walsingham gravely.

The other gave a gasp. Tom would have had her answer boldly, "For my rights," but her courage utterly failed her. It was on her tongue to say, "To see you." Even that she could not manage. She began tying and untying the strings of the child's pinafore.

"After he died," she muttered at length, "I hadn't any home, you see, or means of livelihood. Me and the child couldn't starve. Mother can hardly get along herself—there's seven of us—she's in debt these two last quarters."

"I understand," replied Mrs. Walsingham. "You wanted to be provided for?"

Eliza nodded her head violently. That was just it. At least, she had the virtue of sincerity. She began to wonder what would happen next, and when this hideous ordeal would end. Her heart gave a wild throb of relief when her awful visitor suddenly rose.

"Put on your bonnet," Mrs. Walsingham said. "I wish you to come back with me. That will be best. We can then talk over matters quietly. Yes, get the baby ready too. I will go down and wait for you in the carriage. Your box can be sent after you later."

"Go back with you!" echoed Eliza in the direst dismay. She would sooner have gone straight to prison. The old lady did not observe, or pretended not to observe, her discomfiture.

"Yes, now," she said rather impatiently.

There was no possibility of resistance or appeal. Go she must. Mrs. Walsingham was already slowly making her way out of the room down the stairs. She had hardly disappeared when Mrs. Williams poked in her head.

"Well, Eliza?"

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?" whispered the distracted widow. "She says I'm to go back with her, me and the child! She's waiting for me. I haven't a minute. It will kill me—kill me outright."

"I thought you wanted to be a real lady?" retorted the other rather spitefully.

"I'm sure it's the very last thing I want," burst out poor Eliza bluntly; "there do, like a dear, put on baby's blue frock—it's in the bottom drawer."

She had frantically pulled her skirt over her head, and was standing in front of the looking-glass tugging off her curl-papers in the wildest hurry.

Mrs. Williams found the blue frock, and deigned even to dress the baby. Eliza bustled about hither and thither—nothing she wanted was at hand, of course. The couple were far too busy to talk beyond incoherent ejaculations.

In about a quarter of an hour Eliza stood dressed; the crape on her skirt was fortunately dry. Mrs. Williams promised to pack her trunk and send it later.

"Oh, whatever shall I do?" whispered the trembling widow, clutching fast hold of the banisters to go downstairs. The other maintained a sulkily silence. She did not half relish losing so advantageous a lodger. At the last, however, to do her justice, her friendly feelings got the better of self-interest. When they reached the passage she threw her arms round her companion's neck and whispered sympathetically in her ear—

"Remember, dearie, if she don't act straight by you—law's law—and there's always Tom to fall back upon."

Eliza returned the kiss warmly. How gladly would not she have remained with Mrs. Williams and Tom! The two assistants were furtively peeping out of the shop window to see her start—both secretly her admirers. A tall footman stood ready to open the carriage door. He was the very same young man who had patted her on the shoulder the other day, and sent her round to the servants' entrance. Eliza cast one wild glance at the box: was she not intended to go up there? Fortunately, some slight movement on Mrs. Walsingham's part saved her from making such an egregious blunder. And she stepped inside and seated herself beside the old lady. The next moment they were off.

The lodge-keeper's wife caught sight of Eliza's affrighted face as they drove through the gates in her dreary position of splendid misery. Neither the old lady nor she uttered a single word. Fortunately the baby had fallen asleep and gave no trouble. The widow stared straight in front of her, shrinking as far as possible from contact with the grey fur cloak beside her. All this was certainly in keeping with her romance, but not an agreeable passage in it. Mrs. Walsingham suddenly broke the fearful silence.

"What is your Christian name?"

"Mother called me 'Liza, and father Lizzy," stammered her companion.

The other did not avail herself of the advantage of the choice.

"I shall call you Elizabeth," she answered briefly.

Nothing further was said. The way seemed interminable to Eliza; besides, she was cramped, and too frightened to change her position for a more comfortable one.

At length the carriage stopped before the Willows; the front door flew open, and the obsequious butler hastened forward to assist the ladies down.

Mrs. Walsingham stepped slowly out, and walked into the hall. Eliza hesitated: was she intended to follow? A vivid recollection of the back entrance, round the corner of the house covered with ivy, haunted her. She felt even more ashamed to face Lockhart than the footman. He helped her with the utmost gravity and respect, supporting the heavy child she carried in her arms; but

she was positive—secretly positive—he was laughing at her. The old lady had stopped, and was saying in a clear voice—

"I suppose Dawson told Mrs. White to have the green room ready? I gave orders about it this morning."

"The green room—yes, ma'am," replied the butler seriously; indeed, he was a far greater gentleman than Tom. The widow stood stock still, afraid to go forward. Mrs. Walsingham did not discover this until she was halfway up the stairs; then she called over the banisters—

"Come upstairs, Elizabeth: what are you waiting for?"

With a sinking heart the younger woman obeyed, and tremblingly crept close behind the old lady. Her feet sank in the soft red carpet; there was a marble statue in one corner; all round hung blue and yellow hangings—at least so it appeared to her bewildered gaze—the whole effect that of a magnificent nightmare—hideously magnificent. When would it come to an end and she awaken?

Dawson stood waiting for her mistress at the drawing room door; she also was much more of a lady than Mrs. Williams.

"Yes, Dawson," said Mrs. Walsingham, "I shall not go up till after tea. You can take off my bonnet and cloak. Perhaps Mrs. Leslie would prefer to go straight to her room? It must be so tiring carrying that heavy baby."

She smiled kindly at Eliza—Dawson did not smile. She only glanced gravely at the new comer. In her stern scrutiny Eliza realized the criticism of an enemy. She possessed no friends in this house—of that she was certain. It was just like coming to a gorgeous prison. Her blood seemed to freeze in her veins. She could not bring herself to return the smile.

"But perhaps you would like a cup of tea first?" added the old lady. "I think that will be best. Come in and have a cup of tea."

"Please, ma'am," muttered the other. They passed into the drawing-room together. Dawson proceeded to unfasten her mistress's cloak, and to untie her bonnet, before the latter took her place beside the tea-table. Eliza gazed timidly around. Which chair was she expected to sit upon? She selected a plain wicker one, half hidden by the curtains, and only longed to be left in peace. This was not to be.

"Come nearer, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Walsingham. "Here is a seat on the sofa. To-morrow you must pour out tea for me. I am in great want of a young person to help me in these matters. Do you take sugar?"

"Please, ma'am," murmured Eliza again. She had done as she was told, and seated herself upon the sofa close to Mrs. Walsingham's elbow. Her eye fell with alarm on the glittering silver and pale pink china. Even the table-cover was delicately and richly embroidered. Her whole soul craved to be back in her dear familiar room, partaking of the cosy meal she loved to prepare for herself; she longed for the friendly looking brown teapot, blackened on one side from standing on the hob; and the plateful of buttered toast, so greasy that the slices left their mark on her fingers! The milkman

would just have called, a few minutes earlier. She generally carried the jug herself to the front door ; he was a personal friend, and they frequently indulged in a joke together. She now held the dainty shell-like receptacle gingerly for fear of letting it fall. Her gloves were off, and her hands looked dreadfully coarse and red.

"Some bread and butter," said the old lady, hardly guessing the torture her companion was enduring. Eliza helped herself to a diminutive slice. She would have preferred a much thicker one. The dreary meal was interrupted by baby awaking and setting up a howl. He wanted his tea also. The widow saw her chance of escape. She rose hurriedly.

"I think, if you'll allow me, ma'am, I'll carry him upstairs."

"Certainly, Elizabeth. Ring the bell, and I'll send for Dawson. She'll show you your room."

After a few seconds the footman appeared, who was told to fetch Dawson. Eliza spent the interval in trying to pacify the uproarious heir of the Walsingham family. Meantime, his grandmother continued calmly drinking her tea.

The moment Dawson returned, Eliza started up joyfully to follow her, the baby roaring louder than ever. This climax to the scene proved rather welcome than otherwise. It brought the widow back to practical action from a vague state of torment. She began vehemently rocking and patting the child to stifle his cries, and forgot to look about her. Dawson stared at the tiny crimson face alongside of her, all puckered up with wretchedness—stared curiously, critically, but volunteered no remark. They went up the luxurious carpeted stairs, along a passage down two steps ; then Eliza found herself in a spacious apartment, such as she would have imagined suitable for the Princess of Wales.

"Mrs. Walsingham has ordered Sarah to help you with the child," remarked Dawson in her stiff prim manner. "There's the bell beside the fireplace. You've only got to ring, ma'am. Dinner's at seven. The dressing bell rings at half-past six."

"Thank you," returned the other meekly. She only just restrained herself from saying "ma'am" also. There was a comfortable fire, and a comfortable big chair before it. Dawson did not linger a minute ; she evidently disdained any approach to intimacy or gossip. Instead, she walked out with a firm step and closed the door. Baby was quieter. Eliza flung herself back on the cushions. At least she was alone. Oh, how frightful it all was ! How could she ever stand this sort of thing ? When would it end ? She hadn't a friend—not a friend among them ! If one of the servants would only smile at her, and say a kind word, she would be grateful ! How gladly would she not have gone down to the servants' hall then and there ! At any rate, she would feel more at home—not so stony and frozen—her blood would flow warmly again in her veins. She did not think specially of her husband ; he had brought her her good fortune, nothing else. She hardly missed him personally. But she missed the free, glorious existence of the past few weeks, and above all Tom, the handsome

Tom. She blushed when she remembered Tom. How deliciously the time had slipped by, to be sure !

Then she slowly began to take in her surroundings, for even yet her sense of romance did not entirely forsake her.

"I shall tell Mrs. Williams," she whispered, trying to pluck up her old pride. "Curtains, real satin, and trimmed too ! And what a lot of candles—expensive wax ones ! And what a big wardrobe for one person !" She had the curiosity to rise and open it, laying the baby on to the sofa. "Entirely lined throughout," thought she. "Pegs for ever so many dresses !" Here she turned to pause before the pier-glass. "How pale I do look—and how crooked my skirt does hang !"

A knock startled her. She crept guiltily back to the arm-chair. It was the footman carrying in her box. Poor shabby brown box ! The lock had gone wrong, and Mrs. Williams had tied a bit of old rope round it, and of course it had slipped, and there was a chink open, through which a red flannel garment could be seen.

"Shall I set it down here, ma'am ?" inquired the man, looking straight at her, as though they had never met before. Eliza struggled hard to conceal her discomfiture.

"That will do, thank you," she said. He disappeared without glancing at her again.

The moment he was gone, she proceeded to unfasten her scanty supply of worldly goods. There was another gown, shabbier than the one she had on ; all the articles appeared so mean, so poor, she was ashamed to lay them out anywhere, in case the housemaid should see them. Even her hair-brush—it had black bristles—was half worn away, and she hid it in a drawer. Dressing-gown she had none. After the melancholy inspection was over, she sat down again. There was still a short interval—a short respite—before she would be obliged to go downstairs and face that terrible old lady. The prospect of the evening before her—the thought of the morrow—filled her with simple despair. One prominent idea rose distinctly above all the confusion of her brain : how soon could she manage to get away ? Go she must ! As for her prospects, they were nothing to her ; they must take their chance. As for the child, Mrs. Walsingham might do exactly as she chose—she hardly cared an atom what happened as long as she managed to get away ! She felt she would go mad if she remained. A wild idea flashed across her to write to Tom to come at once and take her away, and then she remembered there would be no means of getting a letter posted except through the servants, and she would be ashamed that they should read the address. No—that would not do ! It added to her alarm and desperation, the sensation that she could not leave when she wanted to do so. The Willows seemed just a prison—nothing better—and Mrs. Walsingham was like the matron at the head of it, and the rest were her jailors ; all against her—staring at her, spying on her, mocking her. At this point of her reflections she was disturbed by the dressing bell ringing loudly.

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room beneath, Mrs.

Walsingham was also indulging in her meditations. The lamp had not yet been brought in, and the fire cast an uncertain glow on the walls and furniture, and on her flowing black drapery and spotless white tulle cap.

"It's hopeless," she murmured to herself. "She's a perfect fool, empty-headed, vulgar, petty, without any deep capacity of affection, or any love beyond that of pleasure. She will never improve—never! What's to be done?"

It was the child she was really thinking about. She shuddered to imagine what he would become, brought up amid such narrow surroundings. How could she save him? Now that she had once undertaken the task, she was determined to fulfil it faithfully.

"Well," she sighed, "I'll give her a chance this evening. Perhaps I'm a hard woman."

The door opened, and Eliza appeared.

"Give me your arm," said the old lady, as the footman announced dinner was ready. They formed the most incongruous couple imaginable. The widow was quaking inwardly as to how she would ever get through the appalling ordeal before her. Secret misery made her red in the face. Every movement betrayed she was ill at ease. They walked slowly down the stairs and into the long dining-room. Mrs. Walsingham preferred a dim light. The silver branched candlesticks upon the table were crowned with tiny pink fringed shades. She made her way with a deliberate stately step to her own arm-chair. Eliza waited to be told what she was to do; there was only one other place laid at the end. Mrs. Walsingham suddenly glanced up, as she did not move.

"Why don't you sit down?" she remarked rather sharply. In greater confusion still the widow sat down. She felt convinced again the butler and footman were laughing at her. There was not much conversation between the two. Every time the old lady lifted her eyes, they rested with a sort of shock upon the young woman opposite. Their position was a positive purgatory to both. Mrs. Walsingham experienced what a gulf—an almost impassable gulf—caused by character, tradition, habits, education, and refinement—gaped between her daughter-in-law and herself. On her side, Eliza dismally realised her hopeless inferiority. She knew she was an object of universal disapproval, almost amounting to contempt. Her desire to escape grew more desperate than ever. She answered vaguely, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to every remark, whether it was appropriate or not.

"She will never improve," reflected Mrs. Walsingham with increasing despair. "The sooner she goes back to her own people the better!"

It filled her with shame that her son should have so lowered himself as to marry such a creature. He had left all the humiliation to her. Yet she was not going to shrink now from any duty, repugnant though it might be. Eliza was watching carefully every morsel and every drop Mrs. Walsingham ate and drank, and helped herself exactly to the same. The silver fish-knife was a great puzzle, but a furtive glance opposite revealed its use. She felt oppressively conscious of the presence of the two men-servants. In

Bath there had been a footman living in the next house, and many a pleasant flirtation they had enjoyed at the area gate! Once she ventured to lift her eyes over the fine smooth damask, glittering with glass and silver, fine china, and rare hothouse flowers; yes, the whole scene was like a chapter of romance, a fairy-tale, and yet how disagreeable! How unspeakably wretched she felt! She would have given anything to be back in her own dear shabby, untidy room, with Mrs. Williams and Tom, over their comfortable supper of fried liver and bacon and porter!

At length even this dreary meal was finished. Mrs. Walsingham took no dessert—consequently, neither did Eliza—although there were peaches, which she loved. The old lady rose and repeated, "Give me your arm, Elizabeth," and they walked out of the room, and up the stairs back to the drawing-room. Sarah was left in charge of the child in the room above. "Might she not offer to go to see baby?" thought Eliza wildly.

"Sit down, Elizabeth," remarked Mrs. Walsingham, thus settling the matter. "There, take that chair by the fire. I want to talk to you."

She did not mean to frighten her companion, but she certainly managed to do so. When they were both seated, the old lady began again—

"This is our first evening together. I want to hear all about you—how and where you met"—she hesitated in spite of her most valiant efforts—"your husband—my son——"

Eliza twisted her fingers, one over the other. Her breath came and went faster from sheer nervousness.

"He lodged with us three winters," she answered. At least she was truthful. "I waited on the first floor. Ma always did the cooking."

A perceptible quiver passed over the listener's face. Eliza paused.

"Well?" ejaculated the old lady. She was determined to learn all—to spare herself nothing.

The widow wriggled from side to side more than ever. How dared she tell it?

"He asked me to marry him one morning—law, I was surprised!" Here she suddenly raised her eyes. She was beginning to grow interested herself in her own recital; strong old memories revived in her, and helped to lessen her present trepidation. "You see, he was a real gentleman; we'd had plenty of business gents before. I had just gone up. He'd ordered some fried fish. Ma fried a sole beautifully, he always said. I was lifting the plates on to the tray."

"'Liza,' says he" (Mrs. Walsingham quivered again), "'will you marry me?'"

"'Law, sir,' says I, 'you're joking!'"

"'Not I,' says he, 'as I'm alive.' I'd set everything ready by that time to carry downstairs. I wanted to speak to ma. It upset me, it did." She paused again—paused to think. Mrs. Walsingham cut the long story short.

"And you were married almost directly?"

"Yes," answered Eliza, looking more boldly at her companion. "In a month from that day. He and I was married at St. Barnabas' quite quietly. He didn't want a fuss. I didn't care. But I have a real silk dress: he paid for it."

"And after that?"

"We went to other lodgings," continued Eliza, brightening up. "I didn't do a hand's turn of work. Oh, it was nice! He bought me all I wanted. We used to drive out for hours. I never had such a treat. He never scolded me or said a sharp word—we *was* so happy!"

She sighed mournfully, plunged in delicious reminiscences. However, it was of herself she was



I'D EXPECT SOME MONEY, OF COURSE.

thinking, and of the good time she had lost, not of poor Leslie. At length she roused herself.

"But it was all over when he died," she added hurriedly. "The doctor said it was his heart. The evening before, he'd taken his food as well as anybody, and been as cheery as possible. No one could guess what was coming. I wrote to you about it?"

Mrs. Walsingham dimly recollected a disgraceful scribble she could not make out, coming from an uneducated person she knew nothing of, on a sheet of soiled paper. She was examining the speaker for the hundredth time. What did her son find to admire in her? How could he have been fascinated by anyone so low in the scale of civilisation?

"And what do you mean to do now?" asked the old lady gravely. Eliza blushed. Involuntarily her thoughts flew to the handsome Tom—a figure unsuspected by Mrs. Walsingham.

"I'd like to go home, please, ma'am," she answered promptly. This was not what her companion expected. The reply surprised her.

"I mean about the child?" she explained gravely.

"Oh, he——" said Eliza indifferently. She had not courage to say what she wanted most was money.

"I suppose," remarked Mrs. Walsingham in the same serious tone, "you do not intend living as you have been for the last few months? You want to be doing something—doing something useful. You would like to improve yourself?"

Eliza had no such desire. She therefore sat silent.

"The boy must be properly educated," continued Mrs. Walsingham. "He is my grandson. He will inherit his father's fortune."

"Yes, ma'am," murmured the widow meekly. She had no objection whatever to his being educated, as long as she had not to pay for it. She hoped some portion of the fortune to which his grandmother alluded might find its way into her pocket. The old lady did not speak for a moment. Her eyes were still fixed upon Eliza, pondering.

"Are you thinking of marrying again?" she inquired, as though struck by a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, ma'am!" Eliza giggled in pleasant confusion. "Well," she added with some pride, "there are one or two young fellows after me—I won't deny it. But I'm still in mourning."

"Would you object to giving up the boy to his relations?" said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Object?" Eliza eyed her companion curiously. The fact was, the child was very much in her way if she thought of marrying again. "Not I."

"Not object!" His grandmother never dared to hope for such a solution to the difficult problem. Then Eliza recollected she ought to make her bargain. If they wanted the boy, why, they must pay for him—Mrs. Williams would certainly say so. She wasn't going to give him up for nothing—no, not she. Tom would think her a fool if she did. Her expression grew suddenly sharp.

"I'd expect some money, of course," she remarked abruptly, with a defiant shake of her head. She remembered Tom's words, "Law's law."

"Money?" repeated the old lady absently. "What money?" She did not follow the drift of her companion's thoughts.

"Well," answered the other, unabashed, "I don't give him up for nothing!"

"I see," returned Mrs. Walsingham, sounding the full depths of the vulgar sordid nature; "yes, certainly."

"A big lump sum," added Eliza, closing the bargain.

"We shall have no difficulty about that," returned the old lady coldly. They both grew silent. Mrs. Walsingham was filled with amazement and disgust, not unaccompanied with relief. It had never occurred to her that Eliza would consent to part with her child. A new hope dawned upon her, and the widow also gazed with less despairing eyes into the fire. She saw a near prospect of

release—release on good terms, moreover. Her eyes sparkled as she thought of what Mrs. Williams would say, and Tom would think. If she had a lump sum down, why, he could buy a grocery business for himself and they could be married as soon as they chose! She beheld a near chance of being happy again. It gave her courage.

"Please, ma'am," she burst out suddenly.

"Well, Elizabeth?"

"Please, ma'am, I'd like to go home."

"To go home?" repeated Mrs. Walsingham, who laboured under the delusion that her new daughter-in-law appreciated the high honour and privilege of staying at the Willows, however ill at ease she might be. "But you have no home now, have you?"

Eliza blushed scarlet, and began wriggling again.

"Back to Mrs. Williams, I mean. I've friends there. I couldn't stay on here," she muttered half under her breath.

"Couldn't stay on here!" Mrs. Walsingham simply stared.

"No, I couldn't," continued Eliza vehemently.

"It would just kill me outright."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old lady, bewildered. The former had commenced her confession, and was now determined to have it out.

"I can't explain," she stammered. "You see, I ain't myself here. It's all strange and awful. I ain't used to your sort of ways. They don't suit me a bit. I'm just miserable, and that's the truth."

She stopped breathlessly. Mrs. Walsingham was still gazing at the speaker, astounded beyond words. So this was the spirit in which her self-sacrificing invitation had been received! It was incredible. She could hardly believe her ears. Her new daughter-in-law already refusing to remain with her! The world seemed indeed turning upside down! She had held out a hand of friendship, genuine friendship, however condescending, and now, behold, it was rejected!

"You can keep the child," continued Eliza doggedly, "but I'll go home, please."

"Basil, have you heard?" exclaimed Mrs. Reynolds. The children had just finished dinner at the rectory, and were scampering round the garden before returning to lessons. "That dreadful woman is really Leslie Walsingham's wife, and—can you believe it?—Mrs. Walsingham has had her up to the Willows, positively staying in the house! She called for her herself, at her lodgings over Williams's shop. Mary saw the carriage in the afternoon, on Monday."

"Yes," answered the rector constrainedly. "I met Watson an hour ago. He was just returning from the Willows."

"Then I do believe she's been altering her will," continued his wife emphatically. "Of course, that's what the business is. Well! that is extraordinary; and what a shame that that horrid Leslie should go and marry such a vulgar creature without telling anyone! But he always was a trial to his family from the beginning. Oh, I shouldn't have

taken any notice of her—not I. That dear, that exquisite old lady enduring so common a woman about her, even allowing her to remain under the same roof, to sit in the same room with her as an equal—I call it simply angelic, I do indeed." She might have run on much longer, but there was nobody listening. Mr. Reynolds had slipped out, lifted his hat from off the peg in the hall, and hurried down the steps into the garden. The children had disappeared one by one behind the laurel-bushes.

The truth was, the news had moved him strangely. He wanted a quiet moment to think. He guessed at a great spiritual battle, hardly fought out in the secret depths of the old lady's soul. The pathos of it struck him deeply. No one understood better than he what the victory had cost. He was certain he was not mistaken in his vision of self-abnegation. He felt he could not bring himself to stand by—an indifferent, silent spectator. An impatient desire overwhelmed him to go now, at once, straight to the Willows and see her, and take her hand and tell her what he was thinking, to pay his little tribute of approbation. Even from human lips the "Well done, good and faithful servant," sounds inexpressibly sweet. His heart was full. He had a message to go and deliver. He did not mention this to his wife; it sounded too quixotic, almost ridiculous. He made the excuse in his own mind that it was time to call at Miller's farm to visit the sick child who was still ailing. As he passed the very lodge gates of the Willows, might he not just as well avail himself of the opportunity and enter in? Besides, he had a particularly good reason for doing so, as Mr. Watson had just told him Mrs. Walsingham was exceedingly unwell, had spent a bad night, and he feared the shock and strain of this miserable business had proved beyond the strength of a person of her advanced years. It made the rector all the more anxious to hurry. If she was going soon, he would like to say one word to her before she was called away. Their last meeting had been cold and formal to a painful degree. He had disapproved of her, and he was too honest a man and too old a friend not to betray it. Their intimacy had received a chill; now it had revived, warmer than before. He felt himself once again restored to her highest companionship, again treading side by side the same path, aiming after the same blessed goal.

The day was exceedingly raw; a sudden change had come in the weather. Winter threatened to return, severe and early. As the rector walked along, abstractedly striking at the nettles beside the hedge with his stick, his mind was completely absorbed by the one incident. For weeks past the parish had been cramful of chatter and gossip until he was perfectly sickened. The affair had been discussed threadbare. Some took the old lady's part, and some the young widow's. The whole thing had grown into an ugly scandal—of the earth, earthy—inexpressibly degrading and depressing. And yet out of this mire, as it were, had emerged a lovely lotus-flower of spiritual experience. A spirit, probably faint and tired with its long journey, had been wrestling alone in the dark, one step higher towards the light. The

matter was instantly redeemed, transfigured from all its original hideousness. Just at that moment he seemed to see the entire world lying before him as nothing but a collection of souls—hundreds, thousands, millions—every one of them tempted, struggling, sometimes up, sometimes down, the chances against so many. What a touching array!

The lodge keeper's wife was busy hanging out her week's washing in the back garden, and hardly cast a glance at him. As he hastened along the approach, the sound of wheels came rumbling nearer and nearer. It was the dog-cart from the Willows. The groom sharply drew up when he reached Mr. Reynolds, and touched his hat, bending forward to speak to him.

"Mrs. Walsingham has fallen into a sort of fit, sir. I was just going to call at the rectory for you, after I'd been to Dr. Lawson's."

"A fit!" echoed the rector aghast. "What sort of fit? When did it come on, James?"

"About an hour ago, sir," answered the man.

"Well, drive quickly to Dr. Lawson's; I'll hurry up to the house."

He strode on as fast as possible, and reached the front door breathless. The butler opened it with an awestruck face.

"Where is your mistress, Lockhart?"

"In the front drawing-room, please, sir. She came down quite well this morning," he added.

Mr. Reynolds did not wait to be shown the way. A pang shot through him, he would be too late—too late. His dear old friend would never hear what he longed to say to her. He did not observe Eliza standing beside the table, pale, scared, useless. Dawson was bending over the arm-chair. Mrs. Walsingham sat rigid, motionless, absolutely unconscious.

"How did it come on?" asked the rector in a low voice.

"The bell rang suddenly," answered the maid, also speaking low. "I was upstairs; it took me a minute to come down. Mrs. Leslie was so frightened, she ran out and called that Mrs. Walsingham was ill—"

"Mrs. Leslie!" Mr. Reynolds turned instinctively, and beheld the figure he knew so well in church. She was looking humble enough now, poor woman. He scarcely recognised her to be the same as the self-conscious flaunting young person whose presence just in front of the pulpit had so irritated him the last few Sundays. She did not move or attempt to come nearer; on the contrary, crimsoned redder than ever under his inspection.

"You were alone with her?" inquired the rector, kindly inviting her to speak.

"Yes, sir," answered Eliza in a frightened voice. "She was took all of a sudden. I thought she was dead. I didn't know what was the matter."

"Did she say anything?" he asked, still keeping his eyes fixed on Eliza. They were not formidable eyes.

This time the widow timidly slipped round the table.

"Yes, sir; she whispered she was in pain—in dreadful pain. It was I rang the bell. Then

I rushed outside to fetch some one." Eliza paused; then added, horrified, "She ain't dead, sir?"

The rector shook his head. He almost doubted whether she would rouse again.

"It's worry's done it," muttered Dawson under her breath, with bitter significance; "nothing but worry."

The light-headed, light-hearted young widow felt the whole scene awful and oppressive. It reminded her forcibly of the other scene which she had witnessed little more than a year ago, when her husband was found stretched rigid and motionless upon the floor of his dressing-room. She had fled then, simply terrified. Death brought no message to her, awoke no questionings, roused no tender memories. It was different with the two others kneeling beside the unconscious form. Dawson watched for some tiny motion, some faint glimpse of intelligence, with mute, eager affection. The tie of long years' service pressed upon her like a heart-ache. She felt she could not bear to part with her mistress now. And the rector also watched with a growing pain at his heart, hungry for a look or a movement. He wished that she should know he was there with her, close to her, not failing her at this supreme moment when she needed a friend, and he had something special to say, that he longed to say, if only he had the chance.

For some time absolute silence reigned. It appeared an eternity to Eliza, who was outside all the secrets, nothing more than a trembling spectator. She would have escaped had she not been afraid of making a noise or being called back. She wondered what would happen—if anything would happen. At last! The rumble of wheels along the approach came as a welcome sound. It was the dog-cart returning with the doctor. It drew up at the door. She heard everything plainly. The butler must have been waiting, for there was not a second lost. Then followed muffled voices, muffled steps. They were coming up the stairs; they would be in immediately. Eliza's heart beat faster.

"Look, sir," whispered Dawson suddenly, "she's moving—she's moving!"

It was quite true. Mr. Reynolds rose and leant forward, supporting Mrs. Walsingham. She gave a great sigh, and half-opened her eyes. Footsteps were heard approaching along the passage.

"Richard—Richard," murmured the old lady faintly.

"She thinks it's her husband," explained Dawson under her breath.

"Richard," repeated Mrs. Walsingham. "Is it you? Yes, I'm ready; I've done it, Richard, I've done it!"

She opened her eyes wide, without seeing anything of the people standing round about her. Apparently she beheld others invisible to them. The next minute her whole face lighted. Had Richard really come to fetch her, or was it nothing but a beautiful comforting vision? There was a second's spasm, and the spirit had fled.

"Failure of the heart," said the doctor gravely. "Probably caused by the excitement of the last few days."

Dawson was reverently folding the cold hands,

the tears rolling fast down her cheeks as she did so. The rector remained motionless, speechless, with dim moist eyes. He hardly heard the doctor's words; he was too full of his own thoughts. Had he not a clue to that broken whisper?

Neither of the others understood it as he did. But he longed to tell her he knew, and now the opportunity was gone!

There was nothing left except to wait patiently until their next meeting. The last requirement had been fulfilled.

Eliza finished her romance in a pleasantly practical fashion. She returned at once to the dear, shabby, familiar room over Mrs. Williams's shop, and never again aspired to be a lady, although she was not loth to brag of her glorious

experiences, now that they were safely over and not likely to be repeated. Before six months had elapsed she married the devoted Tom, and they started a grocery business in Bath with the handsome sum of money settled on her by Mrs. Walsingham.

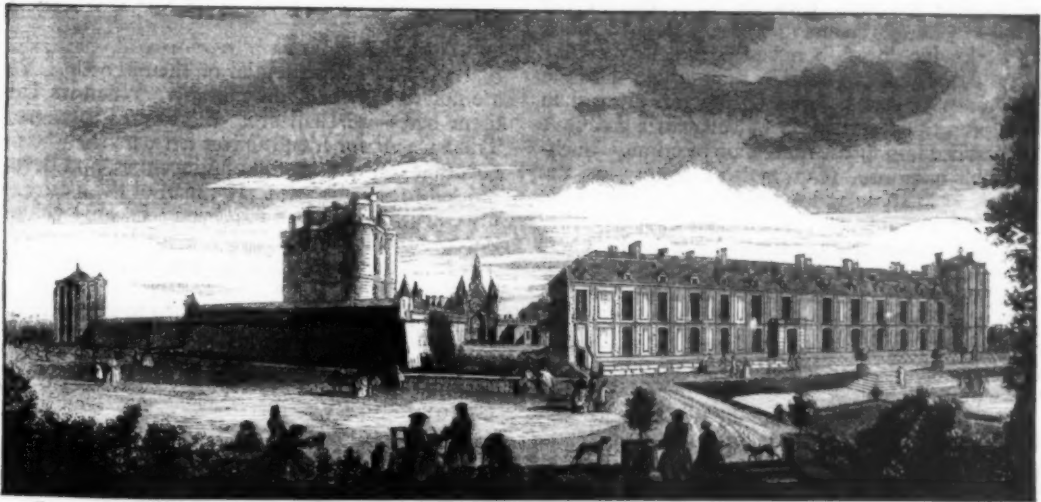
The boy was passed over to the care of his guardians, the old lady's niece, who lived at Prince's Gate, London. In time he grew to resemble his grandfather, Richard Walsingham; he was educated at Oxford, and finally took a good position in life. But every year, scrupulously, he goes down to Bath to visit his mother and step brothers and sisters.

Eliza has refused over and over again to stay at the "Willows," although deeply flattered by the invitation.



ECHOES FROM THE DUNGEON OF VINCENNES.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.



From an old engraving.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF VINCENNES, 1755.

FROM THE BORDER OF THE TERRACE ON THE GARDEN SIDE.

LOUIS XI took a turn one day in the precincts of Vincennes, wrapped in his threadbare surtout edged with rusty fur, and plucking at the queer little peaked cap with the leaden image of the Virgin stuck in the band. There was a smile on the sallow and saturnine face.

At his Majesty's right walked a thick-set, squab man of scurvy countenance, wearing a close-fitting doublet, and armed like a hangman. On the King's left went a showy person, vulgar and mean of face, whose gait was a ridiculous strut.

Louis stopped against the dungeon and tapped the great wall with his finger.

"What's just the thickness of this?" he asked.

"Six feet in places, sire, eight in others," answered the squab man, Tristan the executioner.

"Good!" said Louis. "But the place looks to me as if it were tumbling."

"It might, no doubt, be in better repair, sire," observed the showy person, Oliver, the barber; "but as it is no longer used——"

"Ah! but suppose I thought of using it, gossip?"

"Then, sire, your Majesty would have it repaired."

"To be sure!" chuckled the King—"If I were to shut you up in there, Oliver, you could get out, eh?"

"I think so, sire."

"But you, gossip," to his hangman, "you'd catch him and have him back to me, *hein?*"

"Trust me, sire!" said Tristan.

"Then I'll have my dungeon mended," said Louis. "I'm going to have company here, gossips."

"Sire!" exclaimed Oliver. "Prisoners so close to your Majesty's own apartments! But you might hear their groans."

"Ha! They groan, Oliver? The prisoners groan, do they? But there's no need why I should live in the château here. Hark you both, gossips, I'd like my guests to groan and cry at their pleasure, without the fear of inconveniencing their King."

And the King, and his hangman, and his barber fell a-laughing.

From that day, in a word, Louis ceased to inhabit the château of Vincennes, and the dungeon which appertained to it was made a terrible fastness for his Majesty's prisoners of State. It was already a place of some antiquity. The date of the original buildings is quite obscure. The immense foundations of the dungeon itself were laid by Philippe de Valois; his son, Jean de Bon, carried the fortress to its third storey; and Charles v finished the work which his fathers had begun.

All prisons are not alike in their origin. In the beginnings of states, force counts for more than legal prescripts, and ideas of vengeance go above the worthier idea of the repression of crime. Such-and-such a prison, renowned in history, is the expression in stone and mortar of the power or the hatred of its builders. Thus and thus did they plan and construct against their enemies. There was no mistaking, for example, the purpose of the architect of the Bastille,—it must be a fortress stout enough to resist the enemy outside, and a place fit and suitable to hold and to torture him when he had been carried a prisoner, within its walls.

But Vincennes, in its origin, at all events, may be viewed under other and softer aspects. Those prodigious towers, for all the frightful menace of their frown, were not first reared to be a place of torment. The name of Vincennes came indeed, in the end, to be not less dreadful and only less abhorrent than that of the Bastille. A few revolutions of the vicious wheel of despotism, and the King's château was transformed into the King's prison, for the pain of the King's enemies, or of the King's too valiant subjects. But the infancy and youth of Vincennes were innocent enough, a reason, perhaps, why it was always less hated of the people than the Bastille. Vincennes lived and passed scatheless through the terrors and hurtlings of the Revolution; and presently, from its cincture of flowers and verdant forest, looked down upon that high column of Liberty, which occupied the blood-stained site of the vanquished and obliterated Bastille.

King Louis lived no more in the château, and his masons made good the breaches in the dungeon which neglect, rather than age, had occasioned. When it stood again a solid mass of stone,—

"Gossip," said Louis to his executioner and torturer-in-chief, "if there were some little executions to be done here quietly and secretly—as you like to do them, Tristan—what place would you choose, *hein?*"

"I've chosen one, sire; a beautiful chamber on the first floor. The walls are thick enough to stifle the cries of an army; and if you lift the stones of the floor here and there, you find underneath the most exquisite *oubliettes!* Ah! sire, they understood high politics before your Majesty's time."

King Louis caressed his pointed chin, and laughed:

"I think it was Charles *the Wise* who built that chamber."

"No, sire; it was John *the Good!*"

"Ah, so! Go on, gossip. My dungeon is quite ready, eh?"

"Quite ready, sire."

"To-morrow, then, good Tristan, you will go to Monthéry. In the château there you will find four guests of mine, masked, and very snug in one of our cosy iron cages. You will bring them here."

"Very good, sire."

"You will take care that no one sees you—or them."

"Yes, sire."

"And you will be tender of them, gossip. You are not to kill them on the way. When we have them here—we shall see. Start early to-morrow, Tristan. As for friend Oliver here, he shall be my governor of the dungeon of Vincennes, and devote himself to my prisoners. If a man of them escapes, my Oliver, Tristan will hang you; because you are not a nobleman, you know."

"Sire," murmured the barber, "you overwhelm me."

"Your Majesty owed that place to me, I think," said Tristan.

"Are you not my matchless hangman, gossip? No, no! Besides, I'm keeping you to hang Oliver. Go to Monthéry."

Thus was Vincennes advanced to be a state prison, in 1473, when Louis xi held the destinies of France. From that date to the beginning of the century we live in, those black jaws had neither sleep nor rest. As fast as they closed on one victim, they opened to receive another. At a certain stage of all despotic governments, the small few in power live mainly for two reasons—to amuse themselves and to revenge themselves. One amuses oneself at court, and a state prison—controlled from the court—is an ideal means of revenging oneself. The tedious machinery of the law is dispensed with. There is no trouble of prosecuting, beating up witnesses, or waiting in suspense for a verdict which may be given for the other side. The *lettre de cachet*, which a court historian described as an ideal means of government, and which Mirabeau (in an essay penned in Vincennes

itself) tore once for all into shreds, saved a world of tiresome procedure to the king, the king's favourites, and the king's ministers. For generations and for centuries, absolutism, persecution, party spirit, public and private hate used the *lettre de cachet* to fill and keep full the cells and dungeons of the Bastille and Vincennes. It was, to be sure, a two-edged weapon, cutting either way. He who used it one day might find it turned against him on another day. But, by whomsoever employed, it was the great weapon of its time; the most effective weapon ever forged by irresponsible authority, and the most unscrupulously availed of. It was this instrument which, during hundreds of years, consigned to captivity without a limit, in the *celliettes* of all the state prisons of France, that "immense et déplorable contingent de prisonniers célèbres, de misères illustres."

Vincennes and the Bastille have been contrasted. They were worthy the one of the other; and at several points their histories touch. In both prisons the discipline (which was much an affair of the governor's whim) followed pretty nearly the same lines, and owed nothing in either place to any central, preconceived and ordered scheme of management. Prisoners might be transferred from Vincennes to the Bastille, and from the Bastille again to Vincennes. For the governor, Vincennes was generally the stepping-stone to the Bastille. At Vincennes he served his apprenticeship in the three branches of his calling—turnkey, torturer, and hangman. Like the callow barber-surgeon of the age, he bled at random, and used the knife at will; and his savage novitiate counted as so much zealous service to the state.

But Vincennes wears a greater colour than the Bastille. It stood to the larger and more famous fortress as the *noblesse* to the *bourgeoisie*. Vincennes was the great prison, and the prison of the great. Talent or genius might lodge itself in the Bastille, and often so did, very easily; nobility, with courage enough to face its sovereign on a grievance, or with power enough to be reckoned a thought too near the throne, tasted the honours of Vincennes. To be a wit, and polish an epigram against a minister or a madam of the court; to be a rhymester, and turn a couplet against the government; to be a philosopher, and hazard a new social theory, was to knock for admission at the wicket of the Bastille. But to be a stalwart noble, and look royalty in the eye, sword in hand; to be brother to the king, and chafe under the royal behest; to be a cardinal of the Church, and dare to jingle your breviary in the ranks of the Fronde; to be leader of a sect or party, or the head of some school of enterprise, this was to give with your own hand the signal to lower the drawbridge of Vincennes.

At seasons prisoners of all degrees jostled one another in both prisons; but in general the unwritten rule obtained that philosophy and unguarded wit went to the Bastille; whilst for strength of will that might prove troublesome to the crown . . . *Voilà le donjon de Vincennes!*

Yes, Vincennes was the *State* prison, the prison for audacity in high places for genius that could

lead the general mind into paths of danger to the throne. The fetters fashioned there were for a Prince de Condé to wear, a Henri de Navarre, a Maréchal de Montmorency, a Bassompierre or a Cardinal de Retz, a Duc de Longueville or a Prince Charles Edward, a La Môle and a Coconas, a Rantzau or a Prince Casimir, a Fouquet or a Duc de Lauzun, a Louis-Joseph de Vendôme, a Diderot or Mirabeau, a d'Enghien.

History, says a French historian, shows itself never at the Bastille but with manacles in one hand and headsman's axe in the other. At Vincennes, ever and anon, it appears in the rustling silks of a king's favourite. Sometimes from the bosom of those perfumed solitudes, a death-cry escapes, and the flowers are spotted with blood. At one epoch it is Isabeau de Bavière, it is Catherine de Médicis at another; what need to exhaust or to extend the list? Catherine made no sparing use of the towers of Vincennes. It was a spectacle of royal splendours on this side and of royal tyrannies on that; banquets and executions; the songs of her troubadours mingling with the sighs of her captives. Often some enemy of Catherine, quitting the dance at her pavilion of Vincennes, fell straightway into a cell of the dungeon, to die that night by stiletto, or twenty years later as nature willed. Yes, indeed, Vincennes and the Bastille were worthy of each other.

Two mysterious echoes of history still reach the ear from what were once the vaulted dungeons of Vincennes. The note of the first is gay and mocking, a cry with more of victory in it than of defeat, and one remembers the captivity of the Prince de Condé. The other is like the sudden detonation of musketry, and one recalls the bloody death of the young Duc d'Enghien, the last notable representative of the house of Condé.

The Prince de Condé's affair is of the seventeenth century. It was Anne of Austria, inspired by Mazarin, who had him arrested, along with his brother the Prince de Conti and their brother-in-law the Duc de Longueville. A lighter-hearted gallant than Condé never set foot on the drawbridge of Vincennes. On the night of his arrival with de Conti and the duke, no room had been prepared for his reception. He called for new-laid eggs for supper, and slept on a bundle of straw. De Conti cried, and de Longueville asked for a work on theology. The next day, and every day, Condé played tennis and shuttlecock with his keepers; sang and began to learn music. He quizzed the governor perpetually, and laid out a garden in the grounds of the prison which became the talk of Paris. "He fasted three times a week and planted pinks," says a chronicler. "He studied strategy and sang the psalms," says another. When the governor threatened him for breaches of the rules, the prince offered to strangle him. But not even Vincennes could hold a Condé for long, and he was liberated.

Briefer still was the sojourn of the Duc d'Enghien—one of the strangest, darkest, and most tragical events of history. In 1790, at the age of nineteen, he had quitted France with the chiefs of the royalist party. Twelve years later, in 1802, he was living

quietly at the little town of Ettenheim, not far from Strasbourg; in touch with the forces of Condé, but not, as it seems, taking active part in the movement which was preparing against Napoleon. A mere police report lost him with the First Consul. He was denounced as having an understanding with the officers of Condé's army, and as holding himself in readiness to unite with them on the receipt of instructions from England. Napoleon issued orders for his arrest, and he was seized in his little German retreat on March 15, 1804. Five days later he was lodged in the dungeon of Vincennes.

Here the prison drama, one of the saddest enacted on the stage of history, commences. "Tout est mystérieux dans cette tragédie, dont le prologue même commence par un secret." (Everything is mysterious in this tragedy, the very prologue of which begins with a secret.)

The duke had married secretly the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, who, by her husband's wish, continued to occupy her own house. The daily visits of the constant husband were a cause of suspicion to the agents of Napoleon. They said that he was framing plots; he was simply enjoying the society of his wife. He was engaged, they said, in a conspiracy with Georges and others against the life of Napoleon; he was but turning love-phrases in the boudoir of the princess.

The mystery accompanied the unfortunate prisoner from Ettenheim to Strasbourg, from Strasbourg to Paris, and went before him to Vincennes. Governor Harel was instructed to receive "an individual whose name is on no account to be disclosed. The orders of the government are that the strictest secrecy is to be preserved respecting him. He is not to be questioned either as to his name or as to the cause of his detention. You yourself will remain ignorant of his identity."

As he was driven into Paris at five o'clock on the evening of March 20, the duke said with a fine assurance—

"If I may be permitted to see the First Consul, it will be settled in a moment."

That request never reached Napoleon, and the prisoner was hurried to Vincennes. His only thought on reaching the château was to ask that he might have leave to hunt next day in the forest. But the next day was not yet come.

The mystery does not cease. The military commission sent hot-foot from Paris to try the case were *dans l'ignorance la plus complète* both as to the name and quality of the accused. An aide-de-camp of Murat gave the duke's name to them as they gathered at the table in an ante-chamber of the prison to inquire what cause had summoned them. D'Enghien was abed and asleep.

"Bring in the prisoner," and governor Harel fetched d'Enghien from his bed. He stood before his judges with a grave composure, and not a question shook him.

"Interrogated as to plots against the Emperor's life, taxed with projects of assassination, he answered quietly that insinuations such as these were insults to his birth, his character, and his rank."¹

The inquiry finished, the duke demanded with

insistence to see the First Consul. Savary, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, whispered the council that the Emperor wished no delay in the affair,² and the prisoner was withdrawn.

Some twenty minutes later a gardener of the château, Bontemps by name, was turned out of bed in a hurry to dig a grave in the trenches against the "pavillon de la Reine"; and the officer commanding the guard had orders to furnish a file of soldiers.

D'Enghien sat composedly in his room against the council-chamber, writing up his diary for his wife, and wondering whether leave would be given him to hunt on the morrow. Enters, once more, governor Harel, a lantern in his hand. It was on the stroke of midnight.

"Would monsieur le duc have the kindness to follow?" It is still on record that the governor was pale, looked troubled, and spoke with much concern.

He led the way that conducted to the Devil's Tower. The stairs from that tower descended straight into the trenches. At the head of the staircase, looking into the blackness beyond, the duke turned and said to his conductor, "Are you taking me to an *oubliette*? I should prefer, *mon ami*, to be shot."

"Monsieur," said Harel, "you must follow me,—and God grant you courage!"

"It is a prayer I have never needed to put up," responded d'Enghien calmly, and he followed to the foot of the stairs.

"Shoulder arms!"

A lantern glimmering at either end of the file of soldiers showed d'Enghien his fate. As the sentence of death was read, he wrote in pencil a message to his wife, folded, and gave it to the officer in command of the file; and asked for a priest. There was no priest in residence at the château, he was told.

"And time presses!" said the duke. He prayed a moment, covering his face with his hands. As he raised his head, the officer gave the word to fire.

Volumes have been written upon this tragedy, but to this day no one knows by whose precise word the blood of the last Condé was spilled in the trenches of Vincennes. That d'Enghien was assassinated seems beyond question—but by whom? Years after the event General Hullin, president of the commission, asserted in writing that no order of death was ever signed; and that the members of the commission, still sitting at the council-table, heard with amazement the volley that made an end of the debate. Napoleon bore and still bears the opprobrium, but the proof lacks. Yet who, under the Consulate, dared shoot a d'Enghien, failing the Consul's word? The stones of Vincennes, wherein the mystery is locked, have kept their counsel.

Let the curtain be drawn for a moment on the last scene in the tragedy of La Môle and Coconas. It is a lurid picture of the manners of the time; the last quarter of the sixteenth century, Charles IX

² It is moderately certain at this day that everyone representing Napoleon in this miserable affair of d'Enghien misrepresented him from first to last.

¹ "Histoire du Donjon de Vincennes."

on the throne. The tale, which space forbids to tell at length, is one of love and jealousy, with the wiles of a *soi-disant* magician in the background. The prime plotter in the affair was the queen-mother, Catherine de Médicis. La Môle was the friend of Marguerite de Navarre; Coconas the friend of the Queen's friend, the Duchesse de Nevers. Arrested on a dull and senseless charge of conspiring by witchcraft against the life of the King, the two courtiers were thrown into Vincennes. The first stage of the trial yielding nothing, the accused were carried to the torture-chamber, and there underwent all the torments of the Question. After that, being innocent of the charge, they were declared guilty, and sentenced to the axe.

"Justice" was done upon them in the presence of all Paris, wondering dumbly at the iniquity of the punishment.

Night had fallen, and the executioner was at supper with his family in his house in the tower of the pillory. All good citizens shunned that accursed dwelling, and those who had to pass the headsman's door after dark crossed themselves as they did so. All at once there was a knocking at the door.

On his dreadful days of office the "red man" sometimes received the stealthy visit of a friend, brother, wife, or sister, come to beg or purchase a lock of hair, a garment or a jewel.

"There's money coming to us," said the headsman to his wife. He opened the door, and on the threshold stood a man, armed, and two women.

"These ladies would speak with you," said the man; and as the headsman stood aside, the two ladies, enveloped in enormous hoods, entered the house, their companion remaining without.

"You are the executioner?" said an imperious voice from behind an impenetrable veil.

"Yes, madame."

"You have here . . . the bodies of two gentlemen."

The headsman hesitated. The lady drew out a purse, which she laid upon the table. "It is full of gold," she said.

"Madame," exclaimed the "red man," "what do you wish? I am at your service."

"Show me the bodies," said the lady.

"Ah! madame, but consider. It is terrible!" said the headsman, not altogether unmoved.

"You would scarcely support the sight."

"Show them to me," said the lady.

Taking a lighted torch, the headsman pointed to a door in a corner of the room, dark and humid.

"It is there!" he said.

The lady who had not yet spoken broke into a hysterical sob. "I dare not! I dare not! I am terrified," she cried.

"Who loves should love unto death . . . and in death," said she of the imperious voice.

The headsman pushed open the door of a cellar-like apartment, held the torch above his head, and from the black doorway the two ladies gazed in



ONE OF THE DARK CELLS.

From a contemporary sketch.

silent horror upon the mutilated spoils of the scaffold. In the red ooze upon the bare stone floor the bodies of La Môle and Coconas lay side by side. The severed heads were almost in their places, a circular black line dividing them from the white shoulders. The first of the two ladies, with heaving bosom, stooped over La Môle, and raised the pale right hand to her lips.

"Poor La Môle! Poor La Môle! I will avenge you," she murmured.

Then to the executioner: "Givé me the head! Here is the double of your gold."

"Ah! madame, I cannot. I dare not. Suppose the Provost . . ."

"If the Provost demands this head of you, tell him to whom you gave it!" and the lady swept the veil from her face.

The headsman bent to the earth: "Madame the Queen of Navarre!"

"And the head of Coconas to me, maître," said the Duchesse de Nevers.¹

Amongst Louis xv's state prisoners, a long and picturesque array, may be singled out for the present Prince Charles Edward, son of the Pretender. Under the wind of adversity, after Culloiden, Prince Charles, then in his 18th year, was blown at length upon French soil. Louis was gracious in his offer of an asylum, and courtly France was enthusiastic over the exploits and fantastic wanderings of the young hero. All went gaily with him in Paris until the signatures had been placed to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Then the wind began to blow from the east again.

One morning the visit was announced of MM. de Maurepas and the Duc de Gèvres.

"Gentlemen," said Prince Charles to his friends, "I know what this visit bodes. His Majesty proposes to withdraw his hospitality. We are to be driven out of France."

His handful of followers were stupefied, but the Prince was right. M. de Maurepas announced himself as commanded by the King to request Prince Charles Edward's immediate departure from France.

"Sir," returned the Prince, "your King has given me shelter, and the title of brother."

"Monseigneur," said M. de Maurepas, "circumstances have changed. . ."

"To my advantage, sir! For over and above the rights which Louis xv has acknowledged in me, I have those more sacred ones of misfortune and persecution."

"His Majesty, monseigneur, is beyond doubt deeply touched by your misfortunes, but the treaty he has just signed for the welfare of his people compels him now to deny you his succour."

"Does your king indeed break his word and oath so lightly?" said Prince Charles. "Is the blood of a proscribed and exiled prince, to whom he has but just given his hand, so trifling a matter to him?"

"Monseigneur," said de Maurepas, "I am not here to sustain an argument with you. I am only the bearer of his Majesty's commands."

"Then tell the King from me that I shall yield only to his force."

This was on December 10, 1748.

When Louis's emissaries had retired, Prince Charles announced his intention of going to the Opera in the evening. His followers feared some public scandal, and did their utmost to dissuade him.

"The more public the better!" cried the Prince in a passion.

¹ In effect, Margaret of Navarre bore away the head of La Môle, and the Duchesse de Nevers that of Coconas. It is said that La Môle on the scaffold bequeathed his head to the Queen.

In effect he drove to the Opera after dinner. De Maurepas had surrounded the building with twelve hundred soldiers, and as the Prince's carriage drew up at the steps, a troop of horse encircled it, and he himself was met with a brusque request for his sword.

"Come and take it!" said young Hotspur, flourishing the weapon around his head.

In a moment he was seized from behind, his hands and arms bound, and the soldiers lifted him into another carriage, which was forthwith driven off at a gallop.

"Where are you taking me?" asked the Prince.

"Monseigneur, to the dungeon of Vincennes."

"Ah, indeed! Pray thank your King for having chosen for me the prison which was honoured by the great Condé. You may add, that whilst Condé was the subject of Louis xiv, I am only the guest of Louis xv."

M. du Châtelet, governor of Vincennes at that epoch, had received orders to make the Prince's imprisonment a rigorous one, and fifty men were specially appointed to watch him. But du Châtelet, a friend and admirer of the young hero, took his part, and counselled him to abandon a resistance which must be worse than futile. "You have had triumph enough," said the prudent du Châtelet, "in exposing the feebleness and cowardice of the King."

Prince Charlie's detention lasted but six days. He was liberated on December 16, and left Paris in the keeping of an officer of musketeers, to join his father in Rome.

Absolutism, *l'arbitraire*, all through this period was making hay while the sun shone, and playing rare tricks with the liberties of the subject. Vincennes was a witness of strange things done in the name of the King's justice. Take the curious case of the abbé Prieur. The abbé had invented a kind of short-hand, which he thought should be of some use to the ministry. But the ministry would none of it, and the abbé made known his little invention to the King of Prussia, a patron of such profitable things. But one of his letters was opened at the post-office by the "*cabinet noir*," and the next morning monsieur l'abbé Prieur awoke in the dungeon of Vincennes. He inquired the reason, and in the course of months his letter to the King of Prussia was shown to him.

"But I can explain that in a moment," said the abbé. "Look, here is the translation."

The hieroglyphs, in short, were as innocent as a verse of the Psalms, but the abbé Prieur never quitted his dungeon.

A venerable and worthy nobleman, M. Pompidan de Mirabelle, was imprudent enough to repeat at a supper-party some satirical verses he had heard touching Madame de Pompadour and de Sartines, the chief of police. Warned that de Sartines had filled in his name on a *lettre de cachet*, M. de Mirabelle called at the police office, and asked to what prison he should betake himself.

"To Vincennes," said de Sartines.

"To Vincennes," repeated M. de Mirabelle to his coachman, and he arrived at the dungeon before the order for his detention.

Once a year, de Sartines made a formal visit to Vincennes, and once a year punctually he demanded of M. de Mirabelle the name of the author of the verses. "If I knew it I should not tell you," was the invariable reply; "but as a matter of fact I never heard it in my life." M. de Mirabelle died in Vincennes, a very old man.

A Swiss, by name Thoring, in the service of Madame de Foncemargue, told a dream in which his mistress had appeared to him with this message: "You must assassinate the King, and I will save you. You will be deaf and dumb until the deed is accomplished."

The man was clearly of unsound mind, but weak intellects were not allowed to murder kings in their sleep, and he was cast into Vincennes. Twenty years later he was seen chained by the middle to the wall of his cell, half naked and wholly mad.

But we may leave the prisoners for awhile, and throw a glance upon the great castellany itself. It is best viewed, perhaps, as it stood at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Nine gigantic towers composed the fortress. A tenth out-topped them; the tower of the dungeon, distinguished as the royal manor. Two draw-bridges, rarely lowered, gave access to the prison proper, the one small and very narrow, the other of an imposing size, to admit vehicles. Once beneath the wicket, the prisoner saw himself surrounded on every side by walls of prodigious elevation and thickness. He stood now immediately at the foot of the dungeon, which reared its vast height above him. Before beginning the ascent three heavy doors must be opened for him, and that which communicated directly with the dungeon could be unfastened only by the joint action of the turnkey from within and the sergeant of the guard from without. Straight from this inner door rose the steep staircase which led to the dungeon towers. There were four of these towers, one at each angle, and communication between them was by means of immense halls or chambers, each defended by its own iron-ribbed doors.

To each of the four towers, four storeys; and at each storey a hall thirty feet long, and from fifteen to eighteen feet wide. At the four corners of the hall, four dismal chambers—the prisoners' cells. These cells were like miniature fortresses. A solid outer door being opened, a second one presented itself. Beyond the second was a third; and the third, iron-plated on both sides, and armed with two locks and three bolts, was the door of the cell. The three doors acted upon one another in such a manner that, unless their secret were known, the second barred the first, and the third barred the second. Light entered the cells through four loopholes, of which the inner orifices were a foot and a half in width, and the outer only six inches. The walls had a thickness of sixteen feet.

In the great halls on which the cells opened, prisoners were exercised for a limited time (never more than an hour) on rainy days, or when the

orders of the governor forbade them to descend to the walled garden of the dungeon.

The hall of the first floor, celebrated in the annals of barbarism, was called the "Salle de la Question," or torture-chamber. It had its stone benches, on which the miserable creatures were placed to wait and watch the preparations for their torment; and great iron hoops or rings attached to the walls, to compress their limbs when the Question was to be put. Hard by this frightful chamber—which was fitted with every contrivance for the infliction or bodily suffering—were certain diminutive cells, deprived of light and air, and furnished with plank beds, on which prisoners were chained for a moment of repose between the first and second applications of the torture.¹

On the ground floor of the dungeon were the *cachots*, or dark cells. These were in no way connected with the Salle de la Question, but served as the abodes for months, or even for years, of those unhappy prisoners against whom absolutism had a special grudge, or whom the governor took a pleasure in reducing to the last extremity of misery. Here was a bed hollowed in the stone wall, and littered with mouldy straw; and rings in the wall and floor for waist-chains and leg-irons. Such a dwelling as this might receive the unfortunate whose *lettre de cachet* bore the appalling legend: "*Pour être oublié!*"—(*To be forgotten!*)

But there were darker profundities yet in this Tartarus of the Kings of France. Almost as far as its towers rose above the ground, the dungeon plunged downwards in subterranean abysses, deep below deep. How many victims sank in those secure abysses, and were silently extinguished!

In a place which witnessed so many last earthly moments, a chapel was a necessity. Hasty absolution was often given for the crimes real or imaginary which were so rudely expiated within the royal manor; and sometimes prisoners were carried in a dying state from the Salle de la Question to receive the last rites of the Church in one of the three small chapel cells with double doors. Here, on the very threshold of death, one lay in semi-darkness to hear the mass which was pronounced on the other side of the wall. Over the chaplain's apartment was the singular inscription, "*Carcer sacerdotis*" (*Prison of the Priest*), which allows the inference that the chaplain, whilst in the exercise of his functions, was not allowed to communicate with the outer world.

A narrow stone staircase of two hundred and sixty-five high steps, obstructed at frequent intervals by sealed doors, conducted to a small and well-made terrace at the very top of the dungeon. It is probable that this terrace is still in existence.² It was little used—perhaps because it was the

¹ Up to the reign of Louis XVI, every prison in Paris and the principal courts of justice had a torture-chamber, and precise rules existed as to the various kinds of torture that might be resorted to, the mode in which each was to be applied, the persons who were to be present during the Question, the preliminary examination of the prisoner by a surgeon, the manner of binding, stretching, etc., together with the minutest details respecting the several forms of the Question, and the means to be employed to restore the sufferer for a second application. Both sexes underwent the Question.

² Vincennes is now a fort and artillery barracks, and may neither be sketched nor photographed.

pleasantest place in the prison—but tradition has represented Mirabeau as taking an occasional airing on that superb summit. The little lantern-shaped tower placed here contained the chapel which was once the oratory of the Kings of France. Some nerve must have been needed for Majesty to pray at ease, whilst crushing with its knees that mass of human wretchedness!

The great court below was parcelled into little close gardens, where, under rigid surveillance, favoured prisoners took their dreary exercise.

Few prisons the like of Vincennes have been erected. Those tremendous towers, those almost impenetrable walls, those double and triple doors garnished with iron, the trenches forty feet in depth, those wide outer galleries to give the sentries command at every point—what more could genius and industry invent to combat the prisoner's passion for liberty? There were, indeed, few escapes from Vincennes. The prisoner who broke prison from the Bastille, and won his way into the trenches, nearly always made good his flight; but

in the trenches of Vincennes, if he ever reached them, he was more helpless than a rat in a bucket. The architect of Vincennes was up some half-hour earlier than the architect of the Bastille.

Twice every hour of the twenty-four the patrol made a complete tour of the dungeon; and night and morning, before the closing and opening of the doors, the trenches (which were forbidden to the turnkeys except by express order) were surveyed from end to end, that no letters might be thrown there by prisoners upon whom the State had set the seal of the Iron Mask.

Over and above all these "précautions barbares," the sentries had orders to turn the eyes of every passer-by from the dungeon towers. No one might stand or draw bridle in the shadow of Vincennes. It might be a relative or friend seeking to learn in what exact cell the captive was lodged! From light to dusk, the sentry reiterated his changeless formula: "Passez votre chemin!"

We have yet to see what life the prisoners led.



ON THE SAFE CONDUCT OF SHIPS IN FOG.

FOG-NAVIGATION is necessary, but uncomfortable, uncertain, and totally unsatisfactory.

It is unsatisfactory in two senses. First, the responsibility for the safe conduct of a ship, without being able to see where you are going, what you may be likely to hit, or what may be likely to hit you, is an anxious and trying one. Second, the methods by which the dangers of fog-navigation are met, are not as intelligent, complete, and definite as they might be. I will describe the usual procedure on board of large steamers on the commencement of thick weather.

The officer of the watch notes with concern the obscuring of the horizon ahead, and if in the daytime, places a hand on the look-out, and sends down to tell the captain, meantime keeping a stricter look-out himself. Some steamers—notably the large swift passenger steamers—carry a man on the look-out both day and night, even in clear weather. Others, where the crews are smaller and men can be less easily spared, carry a look-out man at night only, or in thick weather, the officer of the watch alone keeping the look-out at other times. In the case of large passenger steamers the look-out will be doubled or even trebled. Individual shipmasters, influenced variously by their apprehensions and their desire to avoid unnecessary delay, will take their fog precautions with greater or less promptitude and completeness, and will also take into account the waters in which they may be steaming at the time. If it is a crowded ship thoroughfare like the English Channel or the North Sea or the approaches to a large seaport, they will realise the necessity for greater caution than if crossing

an open ocean where the sighting of another vessel is a comparatively rare occurrence.

To return to our typical case. If the thick weather continues, the whistle or syren will be sounded at intervals of a few minutes, the captain will probably come up on the bridge and take charge, joining the officer of the watch in the function of staring earnestly ahead and on either bow, to catch the first possible glimpse of an approaching ship. The ears of those on duty will also be on the alert to catch the faintest sound of a stranger's fog-horn or steam-whistle. If now the fog becomes quite thick the engine-room telegraphs will be rung on to "half-speed" or "slow," which of the two, when commenced, and how long persisted in, will depend on a variety of circumstances, such as the personal character, wisdom, and temperament of the captain, the probability or otherwise of meeting with ice or other vessels, the trade the ship is engaged in (as affecting the importance or otherwise of punctuality in the time of her arrival in port), the state of the wind and sea (as affecting the readiness with which approaching vessels' fog-signals may be heard, and also as affecting the speed and direction of possibly approaching sailing vessels), the readiness with which the vessel answers to her helm or to the manipulation of her engines.

It will, in most cases of fog at sea, be found that it does not long remain of one uniform density, but will clear away in patches, now here, now there, so that a glimpse of the path ahead of the ship may occasionally be seen, or it may become less dense generally, so that an approaching ship may be

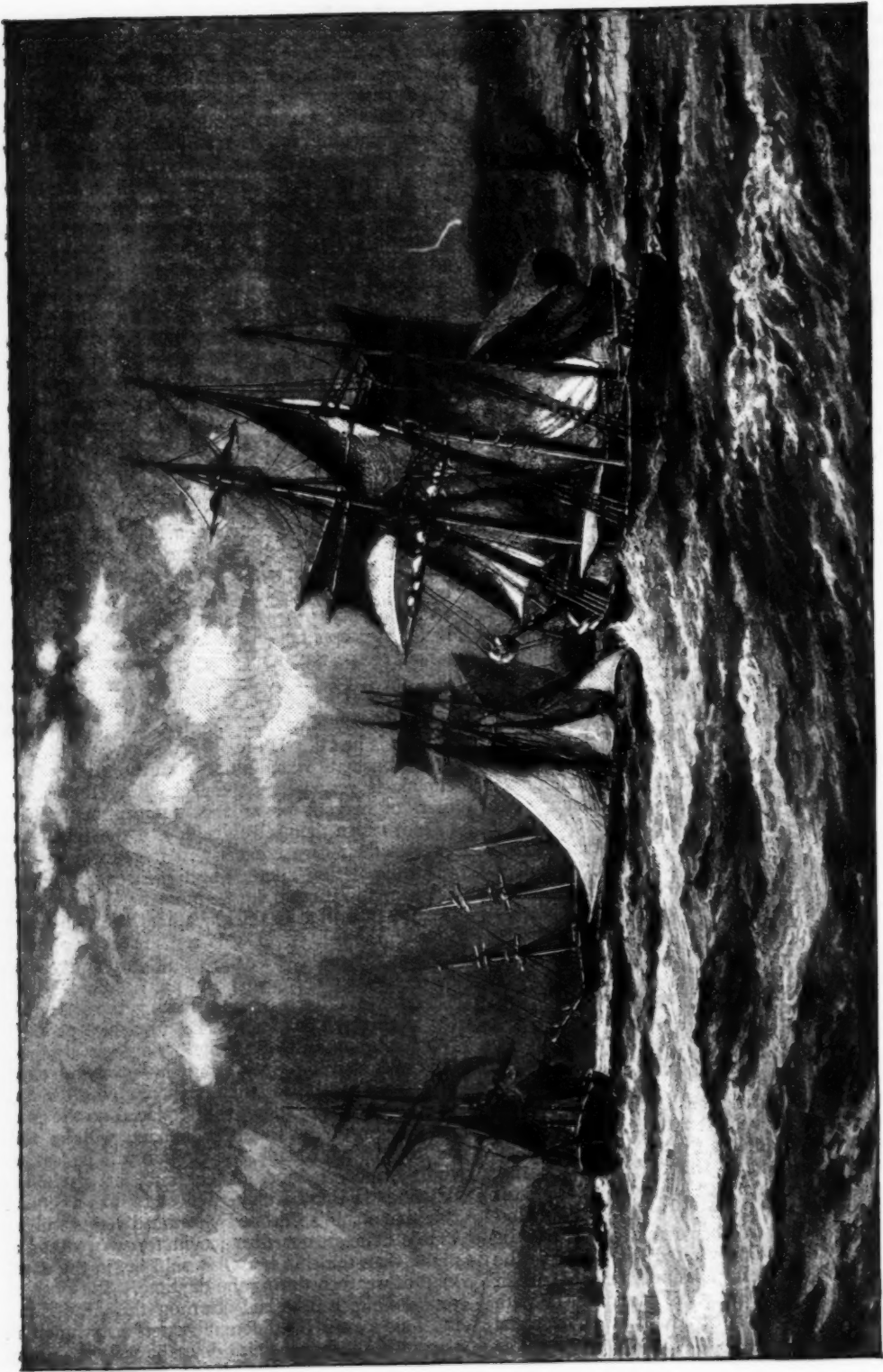
caught sight of while yet a mile or more distant. So that although theoretically in a dense fog the look-out function is perfectly useless, seeing that nothing could become visible until a collision had occurred, or at all events until too late to take any positive steps to avert it, yet in practice the look-out is continued most rigidly, perhaps with the hope of catching an occasional view as far as possible ahead, rather than for any use such continued staring could be when the fog is too thick to see beyond the knight-heads. Apart from this reasoning, however, there is a very strong natural instinct in men to use their eyesight in preference to any other of their senses as a guide to them in moving from place to place, and largely to this instinct must be attributed the fact that even in the thickest and most hopelessly long-continued fogs, when at no time for hours and hours could any object be seen at a distance of more than a few yards from the ship, still the "look-out" is the main function depended upon, and not the "listen." Of course it may be objected that the region of fogs at sea is frequently also the region of floating ice, notably on the banks of Newfoundland, that icebergs are not in the habit of betraying their whereabouts by blowing fog-horns or steam whistles, and that if you want to become cognisant of their close vicinity at all you must see them. This is quite true, but even in cases where the chance of meeting with any dangerous obstacle whatever, except vessels using sound signals, is altogether too slight to be taken into account, even then, so far as my experience goes, the "look-out" is the main function attended to—the "listen," a secondary consideration. Just here I may state that it is not a fact that if one man can see a mile in thick weather, three men can, by their united efforts, see three miles. Some captains appear to think that it is. The thicker the weather, the more men will they place upon the "look-out," and I once sailed with a captain who, when the knight-heads of his own ship were barely visible, would have the whole watch—a dozen or more men—staring into the white curtain ahead and on either bow. On the other hand, neither is it a fact that if one man suffices for the look-out in clear weather, one man will equally as well suffice in thick. For this reason: If, in clear weather, a ship or other object heaves in sight upon the starboard bow while your solitary look-out man is looking right ahead or on the port bow, it is probably yet a great distance off, and no danger is incurred if the object is not instantly observed. It will be seen in another minute when the look-out man glances in that direction. But in thick weather, when a ship, iceberg, or other object, first becomes visible, it is very much closer, and the minute lost with impunity in the clear-weather case, could not be so spared in this, being wanted for changing the vessel's course or manipulating the engines if necessary to avoid colliding. Therefore it is quite reasonable, in thick weather, to have as many as three men on the look-out, one devoting his attention to right ahead and a little on either side, and the other two to the port and starboard bows respectively. In some comparatively infrequent cases fog lies upon the sea like a thick

blanket, so that although perfectly impenetrable for more than fifty yards by anyone on deck, yet half way up the rigging a person will be clear of it altogether, and can look forth over the sheet of white vapour, with a bright blue sky overhead, and can see the mastheads, and sails or funnel tops of approaching vessels many miles off. A mast-head look-out, of course, is then of most value.

Let us return to our steamer, where the fog is thicker than ever, and shows no sign of lifting or thinning, and the captain, the officer of the watch, and the look-out men still stand staring ahead with their ears pricked up for the slightest sound foreign to their own ship, while every few minutes the whistle emits a deep dull roar, a high shrill shriek, or a bubbly, wheezy, uncertain noise, dependent on the fact that the kinds and qualities of steam whistles are legion. Or instead of an ordinary whistle it may be a siren that is used, whose dismal, unearthly sound might make one imagine lost souls bewailing their sorrows through the fog. In the eyes of the law they all come under the head of "steam whistle or other efficient steam sound-signal."

The end of the watch comes at last, and the officer of the watch and the look-out men are relieved. The captain is not relieved. He remains on the bridge staring and listening, or if he be weary, or lazy, or trustful, or philosophical, he may have a camp-stool brought up, and leaving the officer of the watch in charge, sit down ready for emergencies. Or he may retire to the chart-room and remain there ready to jump up again the moment anything like another vessel's horn or whistle is heard. If the fog is of long continuance, this constant watchfulness on the part of the captain is very wearing, especially in the cases of men of nervous or anxious temperaments, who cannot resign themselves calmly to the inevitable, or trust their own officers and men to keep fully upon the alert. There is an unwritten law among seamen, and it seems to be more or less expected on all hands, that in thick weather the captain shall stop on the bridge. If this law be strictly obeyed, as in many cases it is, the result, after forty-eight hours fog, is a very weary and unfit captain.

Hitherto I have been supposing the case of a fog during the daytime. The procedure at night is almost identically the same. There is always a look-out man on duty at night—in many cases two—even if the weather be perfectly clear and fine. One or two more will be placed on the commencement of thick weather, a hand will be told off to blow the whistle, the captain will be called, and the speed reduced if necessary, just as in the daytime. I think I may safely state it as a general rule that a ship's side and masthead lights will be visible at a greater distance in foggy weather at night, than the ship herself would be, in the same kind of weather, during the daytime. But nothing very definite can be laid down on this head, since the lights used by different vessels vary much in size and brilliancy, as also does the visibility of the ships themselves by daylight. In a very moderate fog during daylight, a white painted sailing vessel may be nearly run into before she is seen, while a black painted vessel, contrasting strongly with the



IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

white fog, would be seen at a much greater distance. The most dangerous time in the twenty-four hours, for fog-navigation, is the early morning twilight, when it is too dark yet to see an approaching vessel, until close to, and not dark enough to see her lights.

If, when steaming in a fog, the horn or whistle of another ship is heard ahead, or nearly so, the usual practice is to reduce to "dead slow," to keep the whistle blowing regularly, to note as nearly as possible the bearing of the other ship's sound signal, and to manipulate the helm and engines according to the best of the officer's judgment of what the other vessel may be doing or going to do. No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down for the avoidance of collision at this stage. The officer must use his own judgment and act promptly and decisively. Any thoughtful person must see that the case of vessels approaching one another in fog involves many variable and unknown factors, and these the officer in charge has to sum up and use his best judgment upon, partly at his leisure, and partly instinctively and rapidly on becoming aware of the close approach of another vessel. Some officers, in cases where they are unable to decide upon any safer course of action, will reduce to slow and then steer as directly as possible for the other vessel, on the principle that (a) it is better to ram than to be rammed, and (b) if the other vessel acts similarly and the two be steering exactly opposite courses, the chances are in favour of their passing clear of one another, while even if they do collide, the chances are that the bluff of one vessel's bow will take the bluff of the other vessel's bow, and they will glance off from one another, doing comparatively little damage. I was once in a big Atlantic liner which collided with a large American sailing ship in this manner. We were going half-speed, about ten knots an hour, and I should judge the American to have been sailing about eight in exactly the opposite direction. The port bows of the two ships came together, and each vessel heeled over to starboard, glanced off and was almost immediately out of sight in the thick fog. The principal damage done was the bending of an anchor stock and the breaking of a glass port.

The following is a suggestion said to be favoured by some navigators: "*In a fog, go full speed and get through it quickly.*" It is a dangerous sophistry—perhaps the more dangerous in that it has its sound points. The faster any given vessel travels in a fog, the less becomes the probability of her being struck anywhere upon her broadside by any other vessel, and if we imagine her speed to be increased indefinitely, it is obvious that it is then impossible for her in the second of time she may be supposed to take to pass through any given fog, to be struck by another vessel, except she be met squarely end on by one steering an exactly opposite course. On the other hand, she will inevitably ram any vessel that lies in her track, and almost equally inevitably will the collision be fatal to both vessels. Again, the faster any ship travels, the more readily will she answer her helm—that is to say, the *quicker* can her course be altered any given number of points. On the other hand, it is to be noted that a steamer going dead slow will be able, by increasing to full speed at the same time

that her helm is put over, to turn a given number of points in a *less distance* than if she were going full speed previously. On the whole, the philosophy of going full speed in a fog must be adjudged utterly fallacious. It may be noted also, that the faster a vessel travels in a fog, the more likely is it that the sound of the wind and the water at the bows will prevent the hearing of another ship's sound signals until too late to take the necessary steps to avoid collision. With existing rules and customs at sea, the best possible safety in foggy weather is attained by *going slowly*, keeping a good look-out and a good "*listen.*" There is a nautical alliteration summarising certain matters of great importance to mariners, which runs thus: "Lead, log, latitude, and look-out." I beg to offer the proprietor an additional word—viz. "*listen.*" It is a most ill-developed and neglected function, in spite of its being all-important in fog-navigation. On no ship that I ever heard of has there been any special place, noted after fair trial and experiment, as the place whence approaching vessel's sound-signals were best and soonest heard. I have never heard of any structure being erected and fitted acoustically for the purpose of, as far as possible, shutting out the sounds from the vessel carrying it, and developing any sounds from the horizon ahead, and on either bow. I am confident that the listening function is capable of considerable development in this direction, and that in the majority of cases the windy exposed bridges and look-out crow's nests and fore-castle heads of steamers are not the best places in which to hear approaching fog-horns and whistles as soon as possible.

Another crude point about present-day fog-navigation consists in the fact that no contrivances have been adopted for the purpose of guiding the sound of steam whistles where it is most wanted—namely, almost horizontally out upon the surrounding waters. I should say that at least three-fifths of the sound of most steamers' whistles goes up in the direction of the stars, another fifth descends upon the ship herself and does its little best to deafen the officers and men on the look-out, terrify the passengers, and keep the watch below from getting any sleep. The remaining fifth, perhaps, goes forth ship-warning. Something in the way of a screen just below the whistle and another above, would largely obviate this evil.

The same thing may be said of ships' bells when used in a fog at anchor. Most frequently they are hung in the very same place when being used as fog-signals, as when they are fulfilling their ordinary function, that of indicating the time, although in the first case their sound is not required to be heard on board the ships carrying them, and *is* required to be heard out on the surrounding waters; while in the second the requirements are exactly *vice versa*. For fog they should be hung somewhere up aloft, and sound screens might also be used with them with advantage.

The Rule of the Road lays it down that in fog, mist, or falling snow, ships under way shall go at a moderate speed, and, in the obeying of this law, the words "moderate speed" are very variously interpreted. The fog speed of some ships is as much as fourteen knots per hour, while others would

reduce to six in the same fog. It seems to depend largely upon the normal full speed of any given steamer what her fog speed will be. Roughly, it may be taken at from half to three-quarters of her full speed, and of course it depends also upon the thickness of the fog and the probability of meeting ships or other obstructions.

The Rule of the Road as regards fog is extremely clear, simple, and, in the opinion of most seamen, insufficient. It may be briefly summarised as follows: In fog, mist, or falling snow, vessels shall move at a moderate speed; steamers under way shall blow a prolonged blast on whistle or syren every two minutes; sailing vessels on the star-board tack shall blow one blast on the fog-horn every two minutes, on the port tack they shall blow two blasts every two minutes, and with the wind abaft the beam they shall blow three blasts every two minutes. Vessels at anchor shall ring a bell every two minutes.

It may be noted that no vessel under way in fog can indicate to another vessel whose signal she hears what action she is about to take, except they be in sight of one another. Fog-horns are frequently heard but a very short distance off, especially in windy weather, and steamers' whistles are often very uncertain in their effects. The steam is apt to condense in them and produce a bubbly, wheezy sound, which is by no means satisfactory.

Many proposed alterations in the Rule of the Road with regard to fog are still under considera-

tion. It is possible to institute a code of fog signals for sea use and to make the Rule more definite on some points; but, on the other hand, it is undesirable to make it at all complicated, seeing the various and frequently awkward circumstances in which it has to operate. One can in clear weather see three or four vessels in the vicinity, and decide quickly and certainly upon a correct course to take, but it would be a very different thing, with an at all complicated code of fog-signals in vogue, to find oneself in the close vicinity of three or four vessels, all under way, all invisible, and all, perhaps simultaneously, whistling different signals. The confusion and danger would be greater than it is at present, when the only signal a steamer, invisible in a fog, can make, is: "Here I am, a steamer under way."

In harbours, rivers, and inland waters there are frequently local rules in regard to fog and navigation generally.

In conclusion I will remark that, while it seems nearly inevitable that a great deal of our navigation, notably that at night-time and in fog, should be conducted largely on the principle of trusting Providence and hoping for the best, yet there is much room for improvement both in rules and in practice. The intelligent development of the "listening" function, as a matter apart from the "look-out," would seem to me an important step in the right direction.

WALTER JOHNSON, LIEUTENANT R.N.R.

THE GREAT FAIR AT HARDWAR IN 1820.

THE appalling catastrophe at Moscow on May 30 naturally recalls kindred tragedies which have from time to time occurred in other lands. Perhaps none so nearly approaches it in magnitude as the awful crush of pilgrims crowding to bathe at Hardwar, in the year 1820.

Hardwar, being the city nearest to the source of the Ganges, is accounted well nigh as holy as Gangoutri itself, where the river rises at the base of a mighty glacier.

Every year, therefore, pilgrims assemble from every corner of the empire, and devote a fortnight at high pressure to religious duties. Besides Cashmerians, Persians, Paharis, and Hindoos of every possible sect, there are merchants from Calcutta, Sikhs from Umritsir, horse-dealers from Bokhara, Tartars, Afghans, Cabulees, and Mohammedans of many nations, drawn thither simply by the great fair, as to a profitable market. In the first place it is the chief horse fair of the year, and every conceivable variety of the animal is here to be found, from the sturdy ponies of Cabul and Cashmere, to the fleet Arab or heavy "Whaler," as the steed of New South Wales is commonly called.

For days before the great fair, the people pour into the town, and encamp on every available spot

but chiefly on the broad dry bed of the river, which at that season is very low. They bring their whole families, for all alike need to wash away their sins in the holy river Ganges (the goddess Gunga), and the devout Hindoo believes that the vilest wickedness will assuredly be cleansed by one plunge in those cool green waters, provided only that the golden atonement be not lacking. Coins must be freely showered into the sacred river at the time of prayer, and the priests (who have already received their offering before allowing the pilgrim to enter the cleansing flood) are privileged to search the sands for any coin which the goddess may not think worth taking for herself.

The holiest spot is just below a favourite temple in the heart of the town. Here everyone rushes to bathe on the great day of the festival, and often half a million of people contrive to plunge in at this consecrated spot within a few hours. Men, women, and children, as usual, all bathe quite indiscriminately. They plunge joyously in, as if thoroughly enjoying themselves in the clear rippling stream, the women washing their long, raven hair, and all coming out again as glossy as horse-chestnuts. The richer pilgrims are led into the water, supported on either side by a venerable



ANXIOUS TIMES.

Brahman, who carefully takes them to the mid-stream, plunges them in thrice silently and solemnly, then escorts them to land once more.

The fair must be held at the end of March or beginning of April, when Jupiter is in Aquarius, at the time of the sun entering Aries; and eager crowds await the announcement by the Hindoo astrologers as to which day and hour is shown by the stars to be specially auspicious. Then comes the awful struggle for precedence in reaching the blessed waters. (The city is especially sacred to the Sun-god Hari, *alias* Krishna, and is dear to the Hindoo as being the Gate of the Sun, "Hari-dwar.")

The average attendance at the annual gathering is somewhere about two hundred thousand human beings, to say nothing of the elephants, camels, buffaloes, mules, cows, sheep, monkeys, dogs, cats, bears, and occasionally even hunting cheetahs and leopards, which are brought for sale at the great fair.

But every twelfth year the numbers rise to considerably over a million, for on the twelfth year it is believed that Krishna himself revisits the earth, and is invisibly present. Therefore the sanctity of Hardwar at that time is beyond telling. It is literally the gate of heaven, and such a concentrated essence of holiness is shed abroad as to insure the salvation of all who are present.

In bygone years, ere the paternal British Government had undertaken the regulation of pilgrimages to holy places, various awful accidents occurred at this feast, when these rigid observers of times and seasons, and days and hours, all struggled to reach the holiest ghaut at the very moment declared by the astrologers to be the most propitious.

The most appalling scene of all was enacted at the great fair in 1820, when the concourse

of people was unusually great. The crowd poured in from both sides, along a broad street, from which a narrow street, diverging down a steep flight of steps, leads to the sacred bathing-place. As the auspicious hour drew nigh, the multitude pressed on more and more eagerly. New comers, not knowing the nature of the ground, and the steepness of that narrow street, still pressed more and more earnestly, struggling to force the others onwards, themselves crushed by those behind. Thus the living torrent was borne along with irresistible impetus, the crush becoming more and more awful as the immense mass of living beings became so tightly wedged as to be perfectly immovable.

Every moment the pressure became more terrific, and every attempt at extrication more utterly hopeless. At first the appalling shrieks of agony of the crushed and dying were merged in the general roar and hubbub of Hindoo voices, at all times tumultuous, and the eager worshippers in the rear still pressed on, so that it was some hours before the street could be cleared. When at length they began to suspect that something was amiss, and the human mass recoiled, the city presented a scene as of a dreadful battle-field. UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND CORPSES STREWED THE GROUND! hundreds more were maimed for life, thousands more or less injured. A terrible sacrifice indeed to the calm, sunny goddess, whose clear green waters flowed on unperturbed, little heeding the agonising struggles of those who sought to do her honour.

Now the bathing is all under supervision of the native police—Government servants—and their arrangements are admirable. By simply dividing the stream of pilgrims, they are kept in order, their numbers regulated, and the recurrence of any accident such as this becomes impossible.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A DOVECOTE IN THE SABINES.

I WAS supposed to be taking German lessons, but it was really reading a serial love story in bi-weekly instalments. It began in October and culminated in June. I never knew beforehand whether the chapter was going to be blithe or woe-ful, but the interest was always sustained. As soon as her hat was off, and a brief tribute had been paid to the weather, we plunged into the engrossing topic—or rather, I should say, *she* plunged—I listened. It did not afford much play to my slender vocabulary and my tongue grew no nimbler, but I doubt whether the most rhapsodical Teuton could now give me any new light on the language of the affections. One day it was her family, far away in Germany; on another, it was his dark-eyed patrician folk who would never consent; on Friday her old suitors; on Tuesdays the mothers who coveted him for their daughters; one week, the *pros* had it, the next the *cons* prevailed. On grey scirocco days, it could never be,

she was too old, they were all too poor, *miserere mei!* On bright Roman days—such a wonderful little lunch *à deux* out on the campagna, drinking white wine and love under a reed trellis, and—he liked that funny wee scar on her left temple. Final renunciations were succeeded by imperative reconciliations. It was a magical chalice of hopes dissolving in tears to rise again on the morrow, more exquisitely diaphanous and rainbow-tinted than ever.

In spirit, I helped buy the furnishings for the future home, and assisted at the dreaded introduction to his stately kin. My god-motherhood brought the romance no ill-luck. The dreams blossomed into reality, and when I returned to Rome in the Fall, a cordial invitation awaited me to visit the couple at their village which bears the appropriate name of the Dovecote.

It was a crisp autumnal morning when I took my seat in the early train from Rome near a neat

peasant woman with a large flat basket at her side, and buried myself in the "Tribuna," but I soon came to the end of my paper, and, finding I could not look out of the window without meeting the perplexed gaze of several young sportsmen, who, with guns and manifold receptacles for game, were starting out for the shooting, I addressed myself to conversation with my neighbour.

"Chickens?" inquired I amicably, seeing a faint movement in her basket.

"No, babies," replied she.

I was not sure I had heard aright, and she repeated, "Newborn babies."

In answer to my incredulous look, she raised a small corner of the scarlet and yellow peasant shawl over the basket, and there, sure enough, were two small pink infants. One of the sportsmen, seeing our two heads bent together, thought this an opportune moment to strike in with—

"What have you there?" but my peasant took on a fine dignified deafness which was balm to my soul. When the would-be converser had been suppressed, she was ready to renew her communicativeness with me. Mollified by my admiration for her native Subiaco, she said the babies were from the foundling hospital, and she was taking them out to nurse. Two are sent every month to Subiaco as there are not enough nurses at the hospital. The women who adopt them have to send in a certificate from the local doctor that their own babies are dead, and that they are fit to nurse. For six months 8 francs per month is paid for each child, and then, if it is not claimed by the parents, the woman receives 4 francs per month until the child is twelve years old.

My station was soon reached, and we parted with a reciprocal "buon viaggio." A boy who was wandering around in a very unofficial way took up my ticket, and, with four gentlemen and a small brown dog, I climbed into the post carriage awaiting the train. After some delay, the jolly old driver in big mantle and broad felt hat took his place on the box, and I introduced myself by pronouncing my friend's name, whereupon I was ostentatiously welcomed: "The Countess C— spoke to me yesterday of your arrival, and the Signor Prætor himself to-day—the Signor Prætor and his lady will come to meet you."

Having settled my right to be there, I unbuttoned the linen curtains, and nestled down in my corner to enjoy the vast olive yards and dew-shimmering, ploughed, brown fields. My fellow passengers kept up an intermittent conversation. One of them was an insignificant lawyer from Rome with his client—a fat, surly fellow, who had travelled all the way up from Caserta (about 249 kil.) to prosecute his brother for libel, because he had sent him an abusive postal about a bad debt. The laws in Italy against defamation are very severe, and some of the speculations on them almost amusing. I knew of one fellow who prosecuted for 500 francs damages because a neighbour in a moment of heat had called him a rascal. In this case, as I heard later, the Casertan pretended to be quite willing to pay the debt, but much injured by the postal. His brother, not so sharp, and frightened by the advent of the lawyer and the

prospect of a suit, agreed to adjust the difference, and the upshot of it was that the Casertan consented to forego the suit if his brother would defray the expenses he had incurred. Of course the estimate of these swallowed up the whole debt.

At one point the driver pulled his horses up, and coaxingly requested a passenger to lend him his gun, as he was sure of a good shot. A fine air of old-time leisure brooded over us as we all sat smiling in the post while our white-hatted Jehu got down, crunched his way up one field and down another, fired, startled the covey of birds, and came back to us meeker minded.

After awhile the Dovecote came in sight—the quaintest little village imaginable, clustering up the sides of a conical, isolated mountain and surmounted by a towered castle. I had thought such towns existed only in the backgrounds of early Tuscan pictures. From some points of view the place looks like a ship with a high mast, from others more like a bee-hive, or a helmet set down at the foot of Monte Gennaro, the highest peak of the Sabine range. Anyhow, it deserves its name, derived from the number of doves constantly circling about the old castle, which, after belonging to the warlike Savelli and Borghese, has now passed to the all-absorbing Torlonia family.

My handsome prætor and his bride have their nest in this stronghold, and the birds keep up a whirring and a cooing overhead. I frankly own to being a romantic person, so you will not wonder that I took great comfort in the machicolated battlements, the stone gateway with its grooves for the disused portcullis, and the bronze fountain with the Savelli crest, or that I had a personal pride in the commanding tower. The French extol *mixed* flavours, I revelled in my modern romance blooming against this grim, ancient background. Food has a particular flavour served on the pristine brightness of bridal silver and glass. Each spoon and coffee cup seems subtly pervaded with sentiment, and for the nonce even "the looker-on here in Vienna" is infected with a sympathetic and unlimited optimism. The Phyllis of the establishment had the soft, bright eyes and wavy blue-black hair, parted madonna-wise, of the Sabine women. Her short full skirt, high-coloured stays, and flowered kerchief were piquant in conjunction with the starched white apron decreed by the young foreign mistress. The sayings of Phyllis, disguised in German, were often served up for our entertainment at table. My arrival had thrown the Dovecote into great excitement, and rumours as to my nationality and possible connection with the bride floated up and down, so that for the time Phyllis's connection with the centre of information gave her great social prestige. When she heard I was from America she was much impressed.

"That it is far, I know," said she, "for it takes fifteen scudi to get there!" (Would she were right!)

But she informed her mistress that she had told everybody I was from Naples, and, when asked wherefore, she replied with conviction—

"It is not their affair, and it is better they should think Naples."

The castle, like most of those near Rome, has

shabby brick floors and rooms of impossible size and height, but each window frames wide panoramas of the rolling campagna with sunrises and sunsets beyond compare.

Since my visit to this eyrie, the Rape of the Sabines seems to me the most natural event in the world. I have never seen so many lovely women of the old fancy type of Italian beauty—soft-eyed, statuesque creatures carrying their copper water-jars with graceful, majestic ease up and down the narrow, precipitous streets. There are two or three modern houses, but most of the town is old, dark, and picturesque, with outside stairways, arched doors, and scraps of reliefs here and there. The ways are indeed narrow, one so temptingly so that it is called *Vicolo Bacia Donne* (Kiss the Women). As I passed one fountain, I recalled an account of her long courtship given me by an old servant of mine who was a native of this place. She said she never would have accepted her husband, but that finally, one day, she found him waiting for her at the fountain, and he told her she might come as often as she liked, but he would never let her draw another drop of water until she promised to marry him. She knew he meant it, and one must have water, so — ! The mixed flavour is supplied here by the fact that the hero of this patriarchal wooing is an insignificant little man, quite subject now to his handsome wife.

The element of excitement in this district is furnished by the presence on Monte Gennaro of *Ansuini* and *Il Mago* (the wizard), two well-known brigands who live in the old outlaw fashion, evading the police, occasionally stealing sheep and goats, and at long intervals robbing on the highway. The wizard's wife and daughter live in the Dovecote, keep the brigands informed as to the movements of the carabinieri, and even supply the former with food. It is said that the conformation of the ground is such, that speech in one piazza of the Dovecote can be heard on Monte Gennaro, so communication is easily kept up. The wizard was originally one of the *bovari* or herdsmen who constitute a distinct class on the Roman Campagna. These men have most wonderful control over their cattle, and often when herding, and the pasture is insufficient, a *bovaro* will conceal himself near a cultivated field and give a peculiar whistle. At the sound his cattle come plunging to the spot and throw themselves on the crop. If the *bovaro* sees anyone approaching, or thinks there is danger of discovery, he gives another whistle, and the animals instantly leave their booty and fly.

One afternoon we made an expedition to the ancient church of San Giovanni, a few miles from the Dovecote. An old bachelor lawyer and connoisseur was invited, Italian fashion, to come to black coffee and then accompany us on the

expedition. He proved to be a gallant person of the old school, with manners almost too elaborate for an Anglo-Saxon nineteenth centurist like myself, and I was a trifle subdued by his low bow and opening remark, that he believed the signorina occupied herself with archæology ! But whatever their faults, Italians are not stiff, and ere we had exchanged the precipitous descent from the Dovecote for the country lanes, we were chatting like old friends. Sor Toto won my heart by his enthusiastic pride in the antiquity of San Giovanni, and his efforts to have the dismantled church declared a "*Monumento Nazionale*" by the authorities, and properly cared for. When I last heard, he had succeeded in having some one sent up from the ministry in Rome and photographs taken of the various *points*.

Our efforts to get the key were met by the information that the custodian had gone ploughing ; but a small lad was sent for him, and soon a little, wizened, bent old man, in threadbare blue small-clothes, appeared, like a figure out of an ancient comedy. This quaint, abandoned, belfried church, set in the utter stillness of the olive slopes, clustered about with generous monthly roses exhaling their sweetness on the sunshiny, unbroken solitude, recalled old monkish legends and delicate poetic fancies which will not harden into words. Parts of the church and empty monastery show that they date from the ninth century, while the carved capitals, massive marble columns, slabs of translucent alabaster, and a curious sarcophagus point to the pre-existence on this site of a heathen temple. Sor Toto's earnestness would not have done discredit to a De Rossi or a Lanciani. A sharp contest arose as to whether marble or stucco was hid under the modern yellow paint on the ciborium.

"Marble !" said Sor Toto.

"Stucco," asserted his opponent.

"Marble !" shouted the other, and dashed off, to return presently carrying an earthenware pan of water and a wisp of hay, with which he scrubbed until, sure enough, marble came to view. Anti-quarianism is infectious. Pretty soon Sor Toto and I were amicably pricking away plaster, he with a penknife, I with my hat-pin, to recover a partially revealed fresco of knights riding by on very wooden hobby-horses.

As the rosy sunset light faded over the campagna and the misty olives grew mistier still, we turned our steps homewards, the prætor giving his arm to his merry, blue-eyed wife, and Sor Toto, after a long preamble of old-fashioned politeness, offering his to me ; but as the shadows deepened, my mind wandered off to private castle building, while Sor Toto rambled on about archæology in general and his own museum in particular.

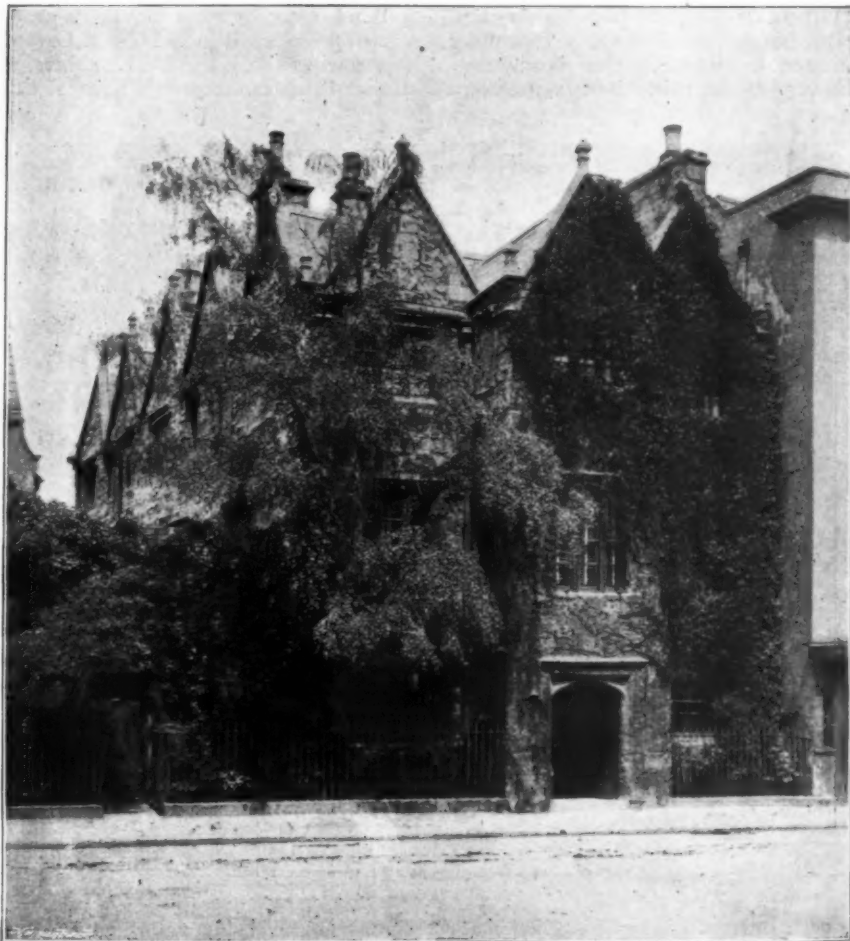
MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR.

Rome.

GLIMPSES OF JOHNSON IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY OXFORD.

BY EVELYN BURNBLUM PARRY.

II.



KETTEL HALL.

LONG years were to pass before Johnson again saw the towers of the "inspired" city in which he had spent but a few short months, yet the influence of which, we cannot doubt, coloured his after-life. Few and faint are the outlines of his passages: here a book, there a picture; a few letters dated from the place, the scanty reminiscences treasured up by those whom he came across, a fragment of his diary in the Bodleian, some carefully hoarded MSS. in his own college—would that there were more!

Near Trinity College, not far from the iron cross which marks the spot where the three martyrs were

burnt, can still be seen an old tenement or hostel covered with ivy, called Kettel Hall, built about 1615. Here it was that during the beginning of the Long Vacation of 1754 Johnson passed five weeks. It was his first real return to Oxford after he had been driven forth by penury. We are told with what eagerness, the very day after his arrival, he visited his old college, and to his delight found there many of the old servants who still remembered him, especially the butler, on whom he had in a boyish freak written an epigram, and at whose muddy beer in leathern jacks he had so often grumbled. And there also he met two friends

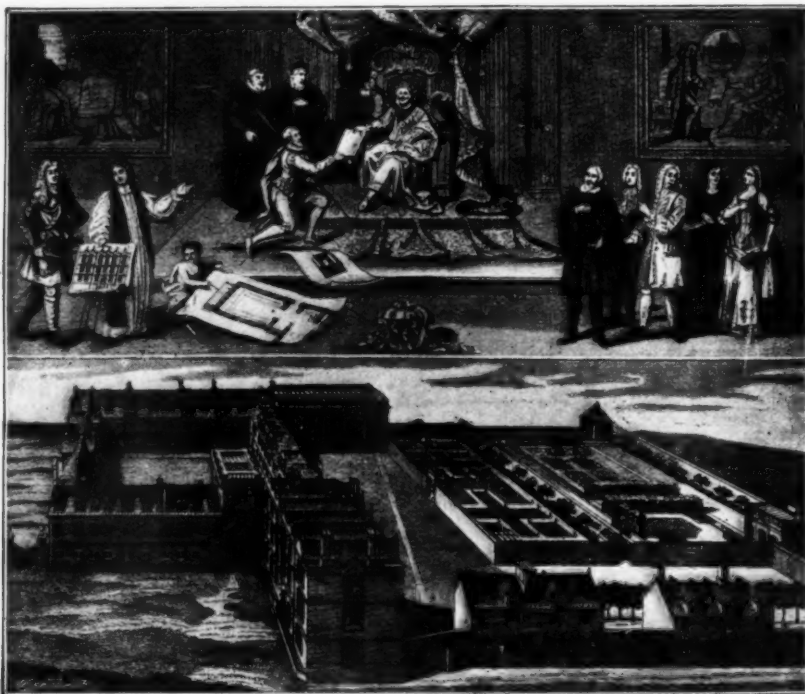
with whom he could talk over past days—Meeke, a former fellow-student, now a Fellow, and the Rev. William Adams, who had been one of the Junior Fellows in Johnson's day, whose kind remonstrances and exhortations used to have great effect on him when insubordinate and unruly, though he was "too proud to own it," as he confessed long afterwards. But Jordan, to his great grief, was dead—the old tutor to whom he had been often such a trouble, and yet whose goodness his wayward pupil had fully appreciated, as may be gathered from his loving testimony, that "when a man became Jordan's pupil he became his son." But he was greatly hurt when, calling upon the Master, Dr. Radcliffe, that worthy man received him very coldly, paid him no attention,

In 1758 we find him making a trip to Oxford in order to be present at the installation of the Earl of Westmoreland as Chancellor, clapping his hands "till they were quite worn out" at the Jacobite Dr. King's speech. With childish glee he wore his new gown no doubt on every possible occasion, for he writes :

"I have been in my gown ever since I came here. It was at my first coming quite new and handsome." . . .

He must have been in good health and spirits at this time, and unusually active, for he proposed to a friend to climb over a wall !

In 1768 Boswell joined him at Oxford, where he was staying with his friend Chambers, at New Inn Hall. Here he seems to have remained about



[From an old Print.]

FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

and did not even order a copy of his Dictionary, then on the eve of being brought out. "There lives a man," said Johnson, "who lives by the revenues of literature and will not move a finger to support it."

At last his long looked-for hopes were realised, and in 1755 Oxford conferred the degree of M.A. upon him, which he and his friends eagerly desired, so that it might ornate the title-page of his great work. He went on a visit this year to Warton,¹ of Trinity College, putting up again at Kettel Hall, which was used for the accommodation of those belonging to the College.

¹ The Rev. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity, Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1758 to 1768. He succeeded Whitehead as Poet Laureate in 1785; now chiefly remembered for his "History of English Poetry." Born 1728, died 1790.

three months, being unfortunately ill part of the time. He thus wrote of himself to Mrs. Thrale :

"This little dog does nothing, but I hope he will soon mend ; he is now reading 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' Perhaps so noble a narrative may rouse in him the soul of enterprise." . . .

During this visit occurred the expulsion of the six Methodist Students from St. Edmund's Hall by the Vice-Chancellor, nominally on account of their ignorance, really because they would insist upon publicly praying and exhorting. Johnson, true Christian as he was, was yet intolerably bigoted against anything which savoured of unorthodoxy : "That expulsion was extremely just and proper," he says ; "what have they to do at an University

² Piozzi Letters, i. 9.

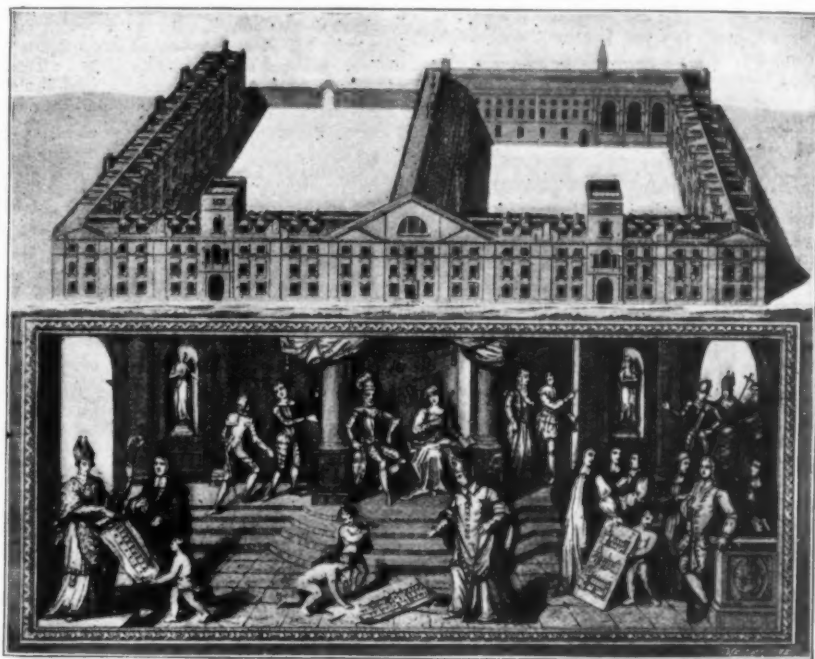
who are not willing to be taught, but will presume to teach? . . . They might be good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden."

Of all the Colleges of Oxford, the College of the "matchless Chatham," whose lovely garden had charmed the gallant cavaliers and fair women of that brilliant society assembled round Charles and his Queen during the Civil Wars, seems to have been the one most affected by Johnson: "If I come to live at Oxford," he said, "I will take up my abode at Trinity." It was the College of his friend Warton, and of that young admirer of his, the gentle Langton, who had entered as a student in 1757, and to whom Johnson wrote: "I

fatigue of society, he made with Warton many excursions in the neighbourhood, visiting in their wanderings the ruins of Osney Abbey, once the "envy of all other religious houses in England and beyond the seas," but whose revenues Henry VIII. took to swell the funds for the building of Christ Church.

Those seeking for souvenirs of Johnson in Trinity College, will find them in a portrait supposed to be by Romney, hung in the Common Room, and the Baskerville Virgil which he sent to the library. It has this inscription, which he wrote on a blank fly-leaf: "*Hunc librum LL.D. Samuel Johnson, eo quod hic loci studiis interdum vacaret.*"

Mr. John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, gives



FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

[From an old Print.]

love, dear sir, to think on you." In its old gothic library Johnson spent a good deal of his time when, in 1769, he passed part of the summer at Oxford, busy, it is thought, on some literary work. "Sir," he said to Warton, now the Professor of Poetry, who suggested that he should study in some of the other libraries, which were more airy and spacious, "if a man has a mind to *prance* he must study at Christ Church or at All Souls." He went out but little on this visit, the reason probably being the state of his health. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale from New Inn Hall, dated June 27, 1769, he says:

"I hope I grow better. I am cautious and very timorous; whether fear and caution do much for me I can hardly tell, time will perhaps do more than both."¹

But though unable to bear the excitement and

¹ "Piozzi Letters," i. 21.

an interesting little account² of his meeting with Johnson at Oxford in 1773, and how, when once he drank tea with them, Mrs. Scott poured him out one evening fifteen cups of his favourite beverage. Lord Eldon also relates how they walked together in New Inn Hall³ garden, with the Principal, Sir Robert Chambers, and other gentlemen. Sir Robert gathered shells and threw them over his neighbour's wall, for which act Johnson reproached him in his rough way: "Sir," said the Principal, "my neighbour is a Dissenter."

² Twiss, "Life of Eldon."

³ New Inn Hall was built on the site of an old foundation of the fourteenth century called Trillick Inn, where the Saint Bernardine monks studied before the erection of their College, St. Bernard's (now St. John's), in 1437. New Inn Hall has also a further interest as having been used as a mint for Charles I. during the Civil Wars in 1642 to 1645, the different Colleges sending their plate there to be melted down for the King's use.

"Oh," said Johnson, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can." Lord Eldon also tells us how Johnson used to stand motionless, one foot on each side of the kennel in High Street, his eye fixed on the running water, so absent-minded, that he heard nothing that was passing around him.

Johnson, if he valued the library of Trinity, had also a fondness for the Common Room hospitality of University College, as may be inferred from the Latin inscription at the back of an engraving by Opie which hangs there: "Samuel Johnson, LL.D., frequented this Common Room as a boon companion." It was here, he tells us, that he once drank off three bottles of port "without being the worse for it."

From this College, in a letter dated March 3, 1775, he wrote to Mrs. Thrale:

"... I am very deaf, and yet I cannot well help being much in company, though it is often very uncomfortable. But when I have done this thing, which I hope is a good thing, or find that I cannot do it, I wish to live a while under your care and protection."

He also told Mrs. Thrale, writing apparently from the same College, on June 1 of that year, that he "would try and conform to all wholesome rules" while there, and took, as he thought, a step in the right direction by going to chapel at six in the morning.

In the spring of 1776 Johnson decided to make a trip with Boswell to Oxford, and we can imagine the pleasure he would have in showing him round his favourite city. "Tuesday, March 19," writes Boswell, "was fixed for our proposed jaunt. We met at the Somerset Coffee-house, in the Strand, where we were taken up by the Oxford coach." They would no doubt enter the city by Magdalen Bridge, near which stood the famous Angel Inn, now the site of the new Examination Schools. Here they took up their abode, taking their walks together, and paying a round of visits, no doubt to the great delight of Boswell, who loved to bask in the reflected glory of the great man. They went to University College to see the Master, Dr. Wetherell; to Trinity, where lived Johnson's friend Warton; to Magdalen, where they drank tea with Dr. Horne, the President, and, of course, to Pembroke, where Adams was now Master. Finally, on this visit, Johnson was gratified by an invitation to dinner at Christ Church. "Sir, it is a great thing," he tells Boswell, "to dine with the Canons of Christ Church."

In July and August of 1777 he is apparently again staying at University College, and busy on what was to be the last of his literary labours, the "Lives of the Poets," for he writes to Mr. Thrale:

"July 31, 1777.

"Dear Sir,—I came hither on Monday, and find everything much as I expected. I shall not stay long, but if you send any letters to me on Saturday to University College I shall receive them. . . . I have picked up some little information for my 'Lives' at the library."

And to Mrs. Thrale a few days later, August 4, 1777:

"Dear Madam,—. . . I have been searching the library for my 'Lives,' and a little I have got."

In 1781 we find him again at Oxford, having travelled with his faithful servant, Francis Barber, and from whence he sent to Mrs. Thrale the characteristic letter:

"Dear Madam,—On Monday evening arrived at the Angel Inn at Oxford, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Barber without any sinister accident. . . . This place is very empty, but there are more here whom I knew than I could have expected. Young Burke has just been with me, and I have dined to-day with Mr. Adams, who seems fond of me. But I have not been very well—I hope I am not ill by sympathy, and that you are making haste to recover your plumpness and complexion—I left you *skinny* and *lean*."

In June 1782 Johnson stayed at Oxford ten days, possibly at Jesus College,¹ with Dr. Edwards of that College, his "convivial friend," as he calls him:

"Yesterday I came to Oxford," he writes to Mrs. Thrale (June 11), "without fatigue or inconvenience. . . . Dr. Edwards, to whom I wrote of my purpose to come, has defeated his own kindness by its excess. He has gone out of his own rooms for my reception, and therefore I cannot decently stay long unless I can change my abode, which it will not be very easy to do."

Also on June 13 and the 17th he writes again to her, mentioning his meeting with Miss More:

"Dear Madam,—Yesterday a little physick drove away a great part of my cough, but I am still very obstructed in my respiration, and so soon tired with walking that I have hardly ventured one unnecessary step. Of my long illness much more than this does not remain; but this is very burthensome—I sleep pretty well and have appetite enough, but I cheat it with fish.

"Yesterday I dined at Dr. Adams' with Miss More and other personages of eminence. To-day I am going to Dr. Wetherell, and thus day after day goes not wholly without amusement. I think not to stay here long, till I am better it is not prudent to sit long in the libraries, for this weather is yet so cold that in the penury of fuel for which we think ourselves very unhappy, I have yet met with none so frugal as to sit without fire."

"Oxford, June 17, 1782.

"My cough is not now very troublesome to myself, nor I hope to others."

"Oxford has done, I think, what for the present it can do. To-day I am going to dine with Dr. Wheeler, and to-morrow Dr. Edwards has invited Miss Adams and Miss More."

We get a good glimpse of this visit in 1782 from Hannah More, who tells us how she met Johnson at Oxford in that year at Dr. Adams', the Master of Pembroke. His health was then very bad, but though ill and feeble he exerted himself to be entertaining and cheerful. He was fond of Hannah More, in spite of her somewhat fulsome flattery of him, and would show her round his College himself. "Who do you think," she writes, "is my principal cicerone at Oxford?" Only Dr. Johnson! and we do so gallant it about! You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own College. . . . Dr. Adams, the Master of Pembroke, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. We spent the day and evening at his house. After dinner Dr. Johnson begged to conduct me to see the College, he would let no one show it to me but himself. 'This was my room, this Shenstone's';

¹ See "Letters of Dr. Johnson," edited by G. Birbeck Hill, vol. ii. p. 257, note 4.

² "Memoires," i. 261.

and after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his College, said: 'In short, we were a nest of singing birds: here we walked, there we played cricket!' He ran over with pleasure the history of the juvenile days he passed there. When we came into the Common Room we spied a fine large print of Johnson framed and hung up that very morning with this motto: '*And is not Johnson ours, himself a host*'; under which stared you in the face: 'From Miss More's "*Sensibility*."' This little incident amused us, but, alas! Johnson looks very ill indeed—spiritless and worn. However, he made an effort to be cheerful, and I exerted myself much to make him so."

Time's many changes has laid its hand on Pembroke College since Johnson's time. The hall where he attended lectures is now the library.

his wonderful memory, how, having forgotten to write his exercise till the morning of its being required, and not having time to complete it, he learnt the declamation off by heart as he was walking into the hall, and made up the remainder as he went on. Other mementoes of Johnson are the blue china teapot out of which he often no doubt drank his fifteen or twenty-five cups at a sitting, and a beer or porridge mug in the same ware.

The old Common Room of Johnson's time, with its sanded floor and wooden chairs, stood where the kitchen now stands; and at dinner, as a sign for the grace, he would hear the three blows given by a piece of wood, in honour of the Trinity. "Here it was," he told Boswell, when he was showing him the old room, "that I used to play draughts with Phil Jones and Fludyer. Jones



NORTH-WEST VIEW OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

It was in this room that he sat as far as he could from Meeke, his fellow student, "because," as he told him years after, when revisiting the old place, "he construed better than he did, and he could not bear his superiority." Two souvenirs of Johnson are kept here—the old desk which came from his school at Lichfield, and the shabby deal one on which he scribbled his Dictionary. "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Dr. Samuel Johnson (with the money for the last sheets of the Dictionary), and thanks God he has done with him," was the message which his suffering publisher sent on receiving the last sheets of his long-delayed work; to which Johnson is said to have answered: "He was happy to find that Mr. Millar had the grace to thank God for anything." Some College exercises and other MSS. were kept in these desks, but have since been removed to safer quarters.

And it was also in this hall that he gave his first declamation. We know the story which illustrates

loved beer and did not get very forward in the Church. Fludyer turned out a scoundrel, 'a Whig,' added the old Tory, "and said he was ashamed of having been bred at Oxford."

The present Fellows' Common Room is rich in the possession of the beautiful portrait of Johnson by Reynolds, left them by Spottiswoode a few years ago. The wig, the brown coat, the immense bust, the strongly marked features, are here depicted with all fidelity, but the blemishes of face and the bleared eyes have been mercifully dealt with. Reynolds might paint himself as deaf, if he chooses, Johnson told Mrs. Thrale, but *he* would not go down to posterity as "blinking Sam."

But nothing appeals more to lovers of Johnson than the two little rooms he occupied at Pembroke College on the second floor over the gateway, and which may still be seen. Here often, no doubt, he would pass many hours, studying in his desultory fashion Homer and Euripides, or his favourite metaphysics. And it must have been

while leaning on the window-ledge that the master, Dr. Panting, heard him say one day: "Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning; I'll go and visit the Universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua, and I'll mind my business, for an Athenian (Oxford?) blockhead is the worst of all blockheads." And many times, we may be sure, he would stand at the same window weighed down with anxiety, and gaze at the little churchyard below, filled with gloomy thoughts of death, and the dread of madness which continually haunted him. Perhaps it was to seek oblivion in wild exuberance of spirits that the poor lad would gather round him, as he stood in the porch in his tattered gown, a crowd of students whom he kept in peals of merriment by his caustic wit and fertile imagination, inciting them to rebel against all authority, himself their leader in every piece of mischief and insubordination. And thus he gained the character of a happy, careless fellow. But, as he told Boswell in after-years, "I was mad and violent. It was bitterness they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature, and I disregarded all power and authority."

In May 1784, the last year of his life, weak from disease and illness, Johnson yearned after Oxford, thinking the air of the well loved place would do him good, and wrote, May 31, to Mrs. Thrale, informing her of his intention of going there. Boswell went with him. They started, he tells us, on the morning of June 3 from Bolt Court by the Oxford post coach, their fellow-travellers being two American ladies, who listened with delight to the great man's conversation, but wondered to hear the philosopher vigorously scold the waiter at the inn where they all dined because the roast mutton did not meet with his approval: "It is as bad as bad can be," he said; "it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest!"

Johnson seemed "to feel himself elevated as he approached Oxford," where, at the house of his faithful friend Adams, he was received with affection. Surrounded by the family of the Master of Pembroke, the now feeble old man passed a happy fortnight, though he must have missed the society of his former companions, Dr. Edwards and Wheeler, "the man with whom I most delight to converse." But he was so distressed by shortness of breath, the result of the painful disease from which he was suffering, that he was unable, so he wrote to a friend, to mount the many steps to the Bodleian Library, where, no doubt, on former visits he had whiled away many an hour.

Yet one more place to which we can trace the footsteps of the great lexicographer in this last year of his life. About two miles from Oxford, on the banks of the Isis, lies the tiny village of Iffley. Few visitors to Oxford leave without making a pilgrimage to see the little church there which was supposed to have been in existence in the time of William the Conqueror. It is a perfect specimen of Norman architecture, and with its great square tower rising slightly above the antique water-mill which has been there from time immemorial, is a spot dear to the artist and archaeologist, while no

more peaceful place for the last long sleep could be found than the quiet little churchyard, with its ancient stone cross, shadowed by the venerable yew-tree, said to be coeval with the church.

Not a stone's throw away is the picturesque green mantled Manor House, where, in a room overlooking the river, Johnson passed two or three bright hours of these last few months of his life, dining there with the owner, his friend, Dr. Nowell, the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and recovering some of his old vigour and strength to drink "Church and King with true Tory cordiality."

But the end was now not far off. After the return to London, Johnson, a few months later, journeyed to Lichfield, his native town, but the restlessness so often seen in those slowly dying, seized him, and he resolved to go back to the metropolis, taking Oxford on his way.

"His last visit was, I believe, to my house," writes Dr. Adams, "which he left after a stay of four or five days. We had much serious talk together, for which I ought to be the better as long as I live." . . .

And so at the end of his long life, as at the beginning, his own College sheltered him, and once more, for the last time, we are told, he climbed the narrow staircase to give a farewell glance at the two little rooms of his student days. The College porter, who lived for fifty years after this visit, used to relate how he had to go behind the old man while he was mounting the steps to support his ponderous form and prevent him falling backwards.¹ A few weeks later, December 13, 1784, he brought his long life to a close.

"The end of a man's life," writes Addison,² "is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo." But Johnson, who all his life had feared death, and, as he said, "never had a moment in which it was not terrible to him," happily found that as the last dread enemy approached, the dark clouds of fear were mercifully dispersed. "Now the bitterness of death is passed," he said, and so, devout, composed, and peaceful, he awaited the end, and—his last words a blessing—"died as he had lived, full of resignation," but "strengthened in faith and joyful in hope."

"We judge of a man's character," says one of our great modern writers,³ "after long frequenting his society, not by one speech, or by one mood or opinion, or by one day's talk, but by the tenor of his general bearing and conversation"; so are we, more than any other man whose biography has been handed down to us, able thus to judge Johnson. As we picture that ungainly form which Boswell has made so familiar to us—the seared face, the twitching mouth, the rough, despotic manner, the

¹ Dr. Birbeck Hill tells us (Addenda: Notes, vol. vi, p. lix. Boswell's "Life of Johnson") that the Rev. John Rigaud, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, said Dr. Routh, the old President of his College, who died in 1854, aged 100 years, remembered a conversation between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Parr, and seeing the former going up the steps of University College in a snuff-coloured coat. This seems to bring us very close to Johnson, as Mr. Rigaud only died in 1888. See also "Letters of Dr. Johnson," edited by G. Birbeck Hill, vol. ii, p. 400, note 1.

² "Spectator," p. 349.

³ Thackeray, preface to "Pendennis."

hasty speech, fade away in the background ; and we remember only the compassionate heart, the real goodness, and the wonderful genius of this man, whose qualities, though made up of contra-

dictory elements, were, "like his size, gigantic," and who is worthy to be remembered by the glorious title of the "Founder of the great School of Truthfulness, the Master of Morality."



THE ANCIENT NORTH ENTRANCE INTO OXFORD.

Comrades.

He was only a little rough dog--and yet, when he died,
I laid my face on my arms wet with tears that I strove to hide :
The years seemed so lonely and dark, and the world so empty and wide.

'Twas such a tender heart!--few had loved me so much before ;
Would any love me as well ere the long day's march was o'er ?—
For he gave his life for mine, and the best friend couldn't do more !

We were lost on the snow-clad waste, in the teeth of a driving storm ;
My senses had almost fail'd, but I felt his shivering form,
As he crept up close to my breast and struggled to keep me warm.

On a sudden he left me ; far-off came his short, sharp bark, down the blast—
It seemed like my one hope gone, and death's bitterness well-nigh past ;
But he found his way to the town and brought back help at last.

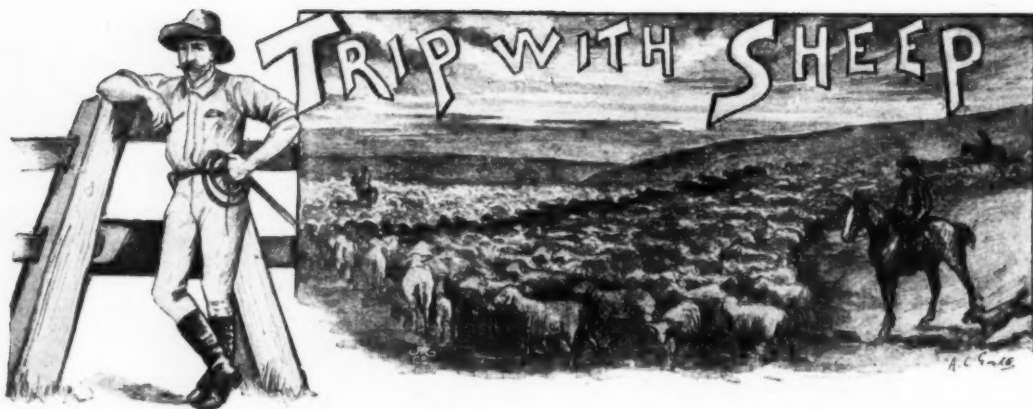
How he told them I marvel still, but he said it as plain as he could ;
The need was desperate enough and, somehow, they understood.
We boast of our human speech, but a beast's may be just as good !

They brought us both to the inn, to the firelight's ruddy glow,
And I felt my life given back from the pitiless grip of the snow ;
But the dog lay before the hearth, with labouring breath and slow.

'Twas a race with death, too fast and too far he ran, they said ;
I knelt down close by his side, and he lifted his shaggy head
With one gleam in his wistful eyes, and then, with a gasp, was dead.

'Twas many a year ago, and the best of friends must part ;
Yet sometimes I think I hear him, and rouse myself with a start—
He was only a dog, but he loved me with the whole of his faithful heart.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.



AFTER two months as tutor in the Bush I felt the great lack of companions, very few people coming our way. So one day, giving my pupils a holiday, I rode into Warren armed from a well-known Sydney member with a letter of introduction to a storekeeper in the township, and to him I went. He asked what I would like, I told him—a trip with sheep. He tried to talk me out of it, telling me of the rough life and rough companionship; but I did not budge from my original intention, and he at last promised to do what he could for me. I remember cantering back over the Gillendoon and Irondoon Plains that evening, scattering the Broлга or “Native Companions,” startling the kangaroos and emus, with a lightness of heart more fitted for a schoolboy than for a staid bush tutor. The next day—it was a Thursday—I received a brief note from the township.

“We’ll engage you as drover, meet me at Mullah, Saturday. Mob starts for New England Sunday. D. R.”

This was from a boss drover, and it gave me only two days to give notice, pack up, and get down to Mullah, over forty miles down the Macquarie. I left on Friday afternoon, and before sunrise next day left Warren.

Droving would appear probably to the untutored mind to be very simple, but there is a good bit of art about it. You have to serve your apprenticeship to understand it. To an onlooker the work certainly seems to be merely to ride behind your mob as slowly as you possibly can, giving orders at intervals to your dog, “Go back,” or “Out wide, you stumpy-tailed rascal,” and then giving vent to a series of hideous animal sounds.

But just let him try it. The sheep will probably stop at a gate or a brook. What would a new chum do in that case? Why, ride right into the tail of the mob, shouting and waving his hat with a view of pushing them along, but the only effect will be that the tail will break back and go in the contrary direction with the lead following in the tail. These blocks must be worked very, very gently and carefully. It often takes experienced men hours to induce sheep to cross a bridge, a muddy track,

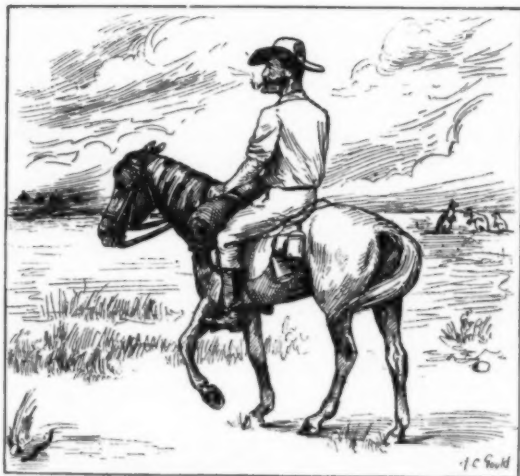
or, worse still, water; and I can say from experience that a long block will put a most angelic man out of temper as well as tire the dogs and make them footsore; and when you get the leader to start, your anxiety is not over; for if it be water they are crossing, when the first move is made the thousands behind follow so precipitately that unless you keep a good look-out they will drown each other, or trample their companions into the mud.

A drover must be a smart man and a good horseman, for he is continually on the look out for strangers ahead. To get a mob boxed with strangers—that is, sheep that do not belong to your drove—means a great deal of work, and if one is caught with a stranger away from his paddock he is liable to a big fine. It is not now as it was in the old days, when a squatter might send out a flock on to the road of perhaps 1,000 to find on their return in a month’s time 1,500, and his own grass saved. There was a saying in those days that if you wanted to taste your own mutton you should dine at your neighbour’s.

There is a story told of a resident in a western township who was once a renowned cattle lifter. Living on a selection, he was in the habit of killing his neighbours’ cattle. One evening a couple of troopers caught him red-handed—that is to say, in the act of killing. Snapping the steel on his wrists, they rolled up the hide with the station brand on it as proof of the ownership of the beast. Hanging up their horses they then adjourned to the humpy for refreshment. Meanwhile the prisoner’s mate, who was near by, let the horses go, and then coolly informed the troopers that they were loose. Both started away after them. The man then quickly unrolled the hide, took out his knife and cut out the brand, throwing it into the fire. The police returned before it was burnt, and the bushman thrust it into his shirt all regardless of a severe burn. The trial came on eventually, and the hide was unrolled in court, when, to every one’s consternation except the prisoners’, the brand was found to have been mysteriously removed. Of course, nothing could

be proved against the offender, who was acquitted, and the police were summarily dismissed for carelessness. I always felt a certain interest in this man, for one of the best little stock horses I ever rode was formerly owned by him.

I started from Warren before daybreak one morning, putting a small piece of bread and cheese in my pocket, for I reckoned on reaching my first destination, which I was told was a journey of eighteen miles, about nine, in time for a late breakfast, but it was to be otherwise. My steed was a black bobtailed cob; strapped in front of the large stock-saddle was all the luggage I needed for the next six weeks rolled up in a blanket. This is termed the swag or bluey. On one side hung a billy-can with a half-pound packet of tea jammed inside, and on the other side my pannikin; and even with these paraphernalia there was plenty of room for myself in the saddle.



ON THE TRACK.

The first seven miles was flat and uninteresting: the stock track alone showing that human beings had been busy lately.

About half-past six I let my horse go and walked down to the river to boil my billy.

The water is boiled, a small quantity of tea is thrown in and allowed to boil for a few seconds, and the result is as good a cup of tea as can be wished. This is the billy tea that one so often hears of.

Once again I mounted. I must have cut a ridiculous figure, rather after the fashion of the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland": a small horse, a big swag, an indifferent rider, with his cooking utensils hanging on either side; but what matters the figure?—there are no village boys to hoot and jeer and to speak home truths about one's appearance. I was perfectly happy and comfortable, and I am sure Bobtail was in as good a frame of mind as myself. The country soon opened out into a large plain covered with a tall growth of prairie grass, richly yellow in the morning sun that brought memories of waving corn. Away on one side the landscape was dim with a blue haze that indicated a bush fire far distant in that direction. Past this plain the route for the next few miles lay along the

banks of one of those numerous creeks that run out from the Macquarie, shaded by the box-trees and willows on which the gay coloured parrakeets and cockatoos amused themselves. Here the thistles grow in beds seven or eight feet high; now and then a wild boar or sow with her litter breaks through the crisp and dry stalks, making a great crackling noise. Riding now a little off the track, I inquired at a hut the distance, for I had already ridden a good seventeen miles. I was informed that I had still six miles to go. The sun was gaining strength every minute. Four miles farther on—at least it seemed so—I was told I still had four to do. Away in the distance I could see the sunlight gleaming on the roofs of a wool-shed and station buildings. I made tracks in a bee-line across, but on arriving found the whole breadth of the Macquarie between myself and the station. I shouted across, and was told that I had made a mistake. Instead of tracking back I followed the meandering stream until I had the good fortune to hit the stock route again. Feeling thirsty, I made myself another billy of tea. Mullah was now fairly near, and a cloud of dust ahead told me that sheep were travelling.

I found D—R—and the drovers down at the wool-shed getting ready for the start next day. There were seven of us in the camp. The cook, a German, four drovers, one Irish, one Scotch, and two colonials, the boss, a Victorian, and myself, known as the New Chum. My work was to assist in fixing camp, to look after the nine horses, and see that they got on to good feed; to ride forward to give notice to stations ahead of the arrival of travelling sheep, in order that they may get their own out of the way; and to report to the boss the style of country, the prospects of pasture, and a good camp for the ensuing evening.

Sheep on the road are all branded with a T to signify that they are moving, and travel on the average six or seven miles a day, starting from camp at sunrise, entering the evening camp just at sunset. Of course they are not on the move all day, for they always have the long midday camp during the heat of the day, when their drovers recline in the shade and smoke with their billies close at hand.

The reporter having informed the boss of a good camping ground, the cook receives his orders to march, and arrives several hours before the men, who are always eager for a meal.

Immediately the sheep arrive the cook has to kill one for the next day. Between the seven of us we eat one sheep a day, and not a poor one by any means.

Fortunately our cook was a good one, and though we often had cause to grumble at the water, we seldom had reason to complain of the more solid diet. It is extraordinary how quickly necessity will conquer one's prejudice against bad water. When travelling it is impossible to ensure hitting a good water supply every evening, consequently our tea was constantly varying in flavour as well as colour. On one or two occasions we had to dig for the water, and it oozed out from the morass an inky black; other days it was of a reddish hue from the red soil; sometimes taken from a stag-

nant cattle pool, the tea would be strongly flavoured with the decaying eucalypti, and at other times so thick that we employed Epsom salts as a purifier. Yet we were never any the worse for it.

For breakfast, ready before sunrise, our cook always provided us with a plentiful supply of chops and a bucket of tea, which stood near the fire, into which we dipped our pannikins; damper—the bread—and brownie were plentiful. At midday a cold repast was usually provided; and at supper, the most substantial and most enjoyable meal of the whole day, usually ready just after sunset, when the sheep were all safely camped for the night, the cook excelled, for either a stew, a curry, or a roast, was—I was going to say on the table, but that would be wrong—in the camp oven, from which we each helped ourselves on to the metal plates provided. After that, a jam roly-poly or a duff. There was tea in plenty to last from the commencement of supper till we went to roost.

The last meal of the day over, we sat round the fire smoking and yarning for an hour or so; if near a river we fished, if near a vineyard we sat on the boundary fences and gazed on the grapes. At 8.30 or 9 one by one we would go off with our blankets to select a nice soft place on the ground to lie down. Sometimes we would take the trouble to make an Australian feather bed—*i.e.* of leaves plucked from the yellow eucalyptus-tree.

At nine the first night watch began, for usually we were obliged to watch the sheep all night, as well as to keep fires burning to keep off the wild dogs. Sheep are also very easily frightened, and even the breaking of a bough will cause them to start and break away. My watch came on from 2 till 3.30, and miserable enough it was, some nights walking up and down in a drizzle or cold wind to keep myself awake, never daring to sit down lest I should sleep, and sometimes so dark that I could not see the sheep in the break a few yards in front of me, but had to judge their movements from sound.

Sometimes I got out of the watch by being away all night, having ridden to report a distance; or perhaps, the feed being bad near the camp, I had to take all the horses on to feed four or five miles away and camp with them, mustering them before daylight and driving them back to camp by sunrise.

My droving experiences I can recall but in brief.

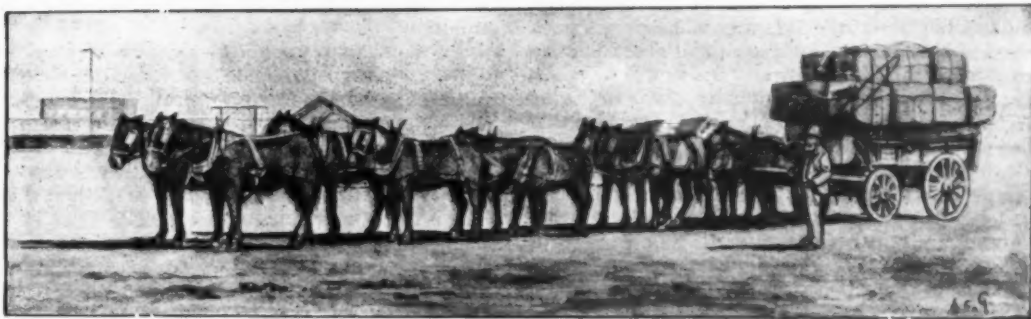
One day I was unmercifully slanged by the boss for temporarily losing a horse; but what was a fellow to do in my predicament? I was driving two through a bush paddock of 100 miles square. Something or other turned up which frightened one, and he bolted, not forward but back, while the other one trotted serenely forward. I was at my wits' ends and had not much time to think, for fear of losing sight of the frightened animal, so turned back and ripped full tilt after him. How I managed to steer through the network of trees at the rate I was going was a wonder; however, I caught up to the wanderer and with some difficulty succeeded in turning him, but on my arrival at the spot where I had left the other horse, *he* was nowhere to be found. Afraid of leaving the one I had recovered, I took him into our camp, coming back in search of the other, which had a couple of swags strapped on his back. After two hours I found him feeding in a small morass only a short distance away from where I had left him. Of course it flashed across me afterwards that I ought to have got off and tied him up before I went after the runaway. Another day, while out pig-hunting, I did tie my horse up, and in an excited state chased a small boar on foot some distance. At last, wanting my horse, I looked around and could not make out where he was. I was "bushed," and it took me a good time before I could find him.

Such things are always happening to new chums. They are not observant like the more experienced.



AN AUSTRALIAN STATION.

Ask a new man where the sun was when we started out in the morning, and he will say, "I really did not notice." The old bushman will reply, "On my left shoulder" or "On my right," as the case may be. The latter takes note of all things without appearing to see them. I was often puzzled at this great power of observation when I was riding



AN AUSTRALIAN WAGGON.

with D—R—. Sometimes we would meet a horseman early in the day, merely pass and give him a nod. Perhaps in the evening some one would inquire if we met anyone along the road. I would merely remember the fact of meeting, but D—R— could give a description of everything the man was wearing and a description of the horse, and no peculiarity in that horse, either in build or colour, would escape him. He would ride silently by my side, every now and then calling my attention to something or other that I most certainly would never have noticed. He was educating me, he said, and never failed to point out every strange track he met. Cantering along he would remark that a couple of horses were in front, or that a buggy was along there yesterday, a possum up that tree last night.

TRACKING POWER OF THE BLACKS.

The Australian blacks are noted for their tracking instincts, and numbers are in the employ of the Government. Nearly every township in New South Wales and Queensland possesses its black tracker, where they are employed in tracking stolen or stray horses and cattle. In Victoria they are largely employed in tracking children; they are veritable sleuth-hounds in following criminals. They will find almost anything over even such ground as rock which will leave no imprint. Nothing escapes their notice—an upturned stone, a broken twig, or a stray match will tell their tale. In tracking horses they will follow the one track through hundreds of others and will tell you, from tracks alone, not only whether it is a horse or a mare, but will detect any peculiarity in the creature's gait—in fact, tell you as much about the horse as you know yourself, and perhaps venture even to say the colour.

In Western Australia the buggy track puzzled them immensely, for they could not understand why a round wheel should produce such a straight unbroken track; and when the first camels appeared they hid themselves with fright, and asked why, whereas they noticed all other tracks going backwards and forwards, they only saw the camels going one way, always "go on, on, no come back." These were the exploring parties going into the interior.

It is a criminal offence to give any of the aborigines drink, but though the offender is liable to a heavy penalty it is often done. There is a

story told against a trooper who found a black woman with a bottle of whisky. He asked her who gave it, but she "no tell." At last he took it away from her, hoping this would have the effect of loosening her tongue. A look of intelligence suddenly overspread her features and she said, "You gib me drink, I tell." The trooper handed back the bottle and she took a long pull and said nothing. The trooper asked again, "Who gave you this?" She replied smartly, "*You* gib me drink, git longa," and the discomfited trooper had to shift off.

"COLONIAL EXPERIENCE" MEN.

These days in the bush came presently to an end, and I took next the place of a "colonial experience man," a phrase commonly applied to anyone supposed to be qualifying for colonial life. I made my home at Mullengudgery, where I spent a very pleasant eight months. The name Mullengudgery sounds formidable, but it is a very ordinary one. It was 400 miles out west and stood along the railway. We boasted of a special siding where the mail trains always stopped. There was a post-office at the station, where I assisted in my spare time. Often have I had to make up the two mail-bags, and make out notices of despatch, and go through the routine of the post-office for the sake of one miserable letter. Though our mail was often small, we averaged about 400 letters per month, for within a radius of thirty miles we had several neighbours, squatters whose stations and selections boasted of such names as Beablebar, Miriambone, Belaranger, Gunningbar, Eenaweena and Budda-buddah. These are quite simple compared to some that one comes across in the N.S.W. railway and postal guides. There you come across such places as Eunonyhareenhya, Weeboolaboola, Cullemburawang, and Upotipotpong. These would be good suggestions for a spelling-bee.

A "colonial experience man," "a jackaroo," is to be found at nearly all stations. His position is a recognised one. These men are young fellows from the towns who serve a sort of apprenticeship to learn the squatting business; they are admitted into the family with which they are associated, and are treated in many cases as a son; but in return for their small salary and living they have to learn all the work of a station, often from the milking of the cows and butchering to the overseeing of the

run. It is a beginning at the lowest rung of the ladder, but it is a good one. These jackaroos develop later on into full-blown and able squatters and smart station managers. To be able to boss a thing well it is necessary to know the work well. In spite of some uncongenial work, taken altogether the position is a pleasant and easy one, especially at those stations where the squatter is good-tempered and jovial, though I must say that I never had any experience otherwise. Work is not so constant but that one can find time for a little sport. Nearly every evening I enjoyed a game of tennis, and sometimes quoits. I know my life was made very much easier and enjoyable by the extreme good-nature and kindness of Mr. and

Mrs. C—, and the happy temperament of the children.

An amusing story is told about the word jackaroo. Two new-chum sportsmen out kangaroo shooting put up at a bush house for a drink, and happened to overhear a man in the bar remark to his mate that there were a couple of jackaroos in the five mile tank. Thinking, of course, that this was a species of strange animal, they left their beer, snatched up their rifles and hastened away to the dam. When they arrived they found two young fellows bathing, but could see no sign of strange animals, so they shouted out to the bathers: "Hi, you fellows there, have you seen any jackaroos about? We want to shoot one."

F. B. G.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

II.



ST. KELVIN'S KITCHEN, GLENDALOUGH.

IN our former article we briefly reviewed the evidence which goes to prove that the Round Towers were ecclesiastical buildings, and that one of the main purposes for which they were built was to serve as strongholds to which the ecclesiastics might fly with their valuables in the event of a sudden predatory attack. We also brought forward evidence to show that another main object in their erection was to provide a belfry for the religious establishment. This latter purpose is suggested (1) by their form, (2) by the name *cloitech* or bell-house generally applied to

them, (3) by the allusions in the "Annals" to their being robbed of their bells, (4) by the admitted fact that many of them were used as belfries, at any rate in later times; to which we may add for what it is worth (5) by the fact that with regard to many of the towers there are traditions and legends concerning the bells that once hung in them. Nevertheless, that this was one of the original purposes for which they, or at least the earlier ones, were erected, has been denied, not only by the advocates of the various Pagan theories, but also by some of those who have accepted Petrie's other main positions.

The Belfry Theory Disputed. The late Sir William Wilde, for instance, held that "the first round towers were built solely and exclusively as places of defence, protection, and security." He thought that they were first built in the seventh century, and his principal argument against the belfry theory was that at that time, and for at least three centuries afterwards, the Irish had no large swinging bells, but only hand-bells.

Miss Stokes, too, to whose writings these articles are much indebted, and whose opinion on this subject is entitled to the highest consideration, speaks doubtfully on this point, though she has done more than anyone else to indicate the true date of the round towers. "Viewed simply as belfries and no more," she says, "they would appear as poor conceptions and failures in design." This may be true, but the same might, I think, be said of them viewed simply as strongholds. For this purpose the proportions of the Norman keep would have been much more suitable. In fact, as Petrie argued, the supposition of the double purpose is necessary to explain their peculiarities of form. It must indeed be admitted, as Miss Stokes urges, that the top storey would have been better fitted for the emission of sound had the apertures been larger; but with the thrust of the heavy stone cap, formed of horizontally laid stones, just above them, the builders may not have dared to make them larger. Indeed, the cap was the weak point in the structure, and hence it has been so seldom preserved. The top apertures, however,

are, in fact, usually larger than the windows in the other storeys, which, as became the character of a keep, were more in the nature of loopholes. The only exception to the above rule is a window of somewhat larger dimensions usually found directly over the door, but this window probably took the place of the "murdering hole" of later keeps, and was designed to enable the besieged to let fall heavy stones and other missiles on the head of an enemy attacking the door. Petrie, indeed, says that the top apertures are almost invariably of larger size than even the doorways, but this statement is not borne out by recorded measurements. It is not always easy to obtain the exact dimensions of the top windows, but they were seldom smaller than 3 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 6 in. The four at Clondalkin are 3 ft. 7 in. high, the four at Antrim are 3 ft. 4 in., the four at Cloyne (where the tower is still used as a belfry) are 3 ft. 8 in. high by 1 ft. 6 in. wide, the four at Devenish are 4 ft. 2 in. high, those at Rattoo and Ardmore are still larger, the six at Kilkenny are 3 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 6 in. There are five windows at the top of Kells Round Tower, six at the top of the tower at Kilmacduagh, and eight in the large tower at Clonmacnois and in that at Tulloherin. It must be remembered, too, that the Irish were accustomed to still smaller openings in the churches of the period. On the whole it seems to me that the number and size of the upper apertures as compared with the others harmonise with the belfry theory, while the fact that they were not larger and more numerous still resulted from the conditions under which the builders worked and from their traditional methods of building.

Miss Stokes next endeavours to account for the name cloitech or bell-house, by which the Round Towers seem to have been known from the first, by supposing that it meant a place for housing bells, and not one for hanging them, as in a belfry. That the hand-bells of the primitive founders and early saints, which we know were highly venerated, were, at least in times of apprehended danger, deposited for safety in the cloitech, is highly probable; but they were not the only or even the chief articles so deposited. They shared this security with crozier and cross, reliquary and shrine, chalice and vestment and illuminated missal; and it seems very unlikely that the name cloitech could have originated in this way and be afterwards applied to the same building in a different sense. We have already quoted the passage in the "Annals" relating to the burning of the cloitech of Slane in the year 950 "with its full of relics and the crozier of the patron saint and a bell the best of bells," also that relating to the burning of Armagh in the year 1020, when "the cloitech with its bells" was burned. Certainly in this latter passage, and I think in the former as well, the natural interpretation is that the bells referred to were the bells hung in the bell-house. Indeed the word "cloitech" would appear to be simply a rendering into Irish of campanile, the word applied in Italy to the towers there, which Miss Stokes herself strongly holds were the prototypes of the Irish towers.

Miss Stokes is, however, evidently reluctant to

dissociate the Round Towers from the sound of the bell, and she suggests that perhaps carillons, or a series of little bells tuned to different notes and struck with a hammer held in the hand, were played in them. But there is, I think, no evidence that carillons of this type were ever played in towers, or that the art was practised or known in Ireland. And if the towers were so unsuited for the ordinary bells of the period as to negative the idea that they were built and used as belfries, it is not easy to see how they were more suited for carillons. It is true that the largest existing Irish bells, which we can safely refer so far back as the beginning of the tenth century, are not more than twelve or thirteen inches high. The *clog bean-nuighthe* (blessed bell), or Bell of Armagh, has an inscription on it which proves it to be at least as old as the year 904. It is 11½ inches high, and 11 inches by 8 at the mouth. It was probably a hand-bell, as most, if not all, of the other bells which have been preserved were. The earliest hand-bells were generally made of sheet-iron, bent and riveted. Sometimes they were then bronzed over, no doubt to improve the sound. Later on they were cast in the finest bronze, as the Bell of Bangor, co. Down, which is 14 inches high and 9 inches wide at bottom, and weighs twenty-one pounds. It is ornamented with an incised cross and pattern round the base and on the handle. A similar bell was found at Cashel.

That a distinction was made between the hand-bells and the bell of a cloitech appears from a passage in the Brehon Laws, preserved in the Book of Lecan, a MS. compiled from earlier books in the year 1416. This passage refers to the duties of an ecclesiastical officer called *aistreoir*, whose function was to keep the church keys and ring the bells. The name is probably a loan word from the Latin *ostiarius* (door-keeper), but the passage in question gives alternate fanciful derivations: "Noble his work, when it is the bell of a cloitech; or humble his work, when it is a hand-bell." Miss Stokes quotes this passage in support of her suggestion as to carillon-playing in the Round Towers. However that may be, it is certainly important evidence that bells of some sort were hung at an early period in the cloitech. There is no reason to suppose that these bells of the cloitech were venerated in the same way as the ancient hand-bells. Hence when they became cracked or otherwise injured or superseded by later and better bells they would not be preserved, but would probably be re-cast.

Of course, if it could be shown that church bells were not hung in bell-towers elsewhere in Europe when the Irish towers were erected, this would be an almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of the belfry theory. But the contrary can be shown with great certainty. The earliest examples of bell-towers as adjuncts to churches appear to be those of Ravenna, some of which have been referred to the sixth century. But without relying on opinions, even the most authoritative, there is documentary evidence that a "turris" was built in the Pontificate of Stephen III (A.D. 768-772) at St. Peter's, Rome, in which he placed

Date of Introduction of Bell-towers in Europe.

three bells "to call together the clergy and people to the service of God." In England the earliest mention of large bells, such as must have been hung in a belfry, appears to be about the year 935, when Athelstane gave four great bells (*magnas campanas*) to St. Cuthbert—i.e. I suppose to the monastery at Lindesfarne. Matthew of Westminster says that Edred presented two bells of large size (*signa non modica*) to the Church of York.

Thus it appears clear that bell-towers were built in Italy at least as early as the eighth century, and that the custom was introduced into England at least as early as the first half of the tenth century. Bearing in mind the close connection throughout this whole period between the Irish Church and various monasteries abroad, there is no difficulty in supposing that the custom was introduced into Ireland even somewhat earlier than into England. So the problem resolves itself into the question when were the Irish Round Towers first erected.

On this point, indeed, as already hinted, Petrie laid himself open to

Weak Position
of Petrie.

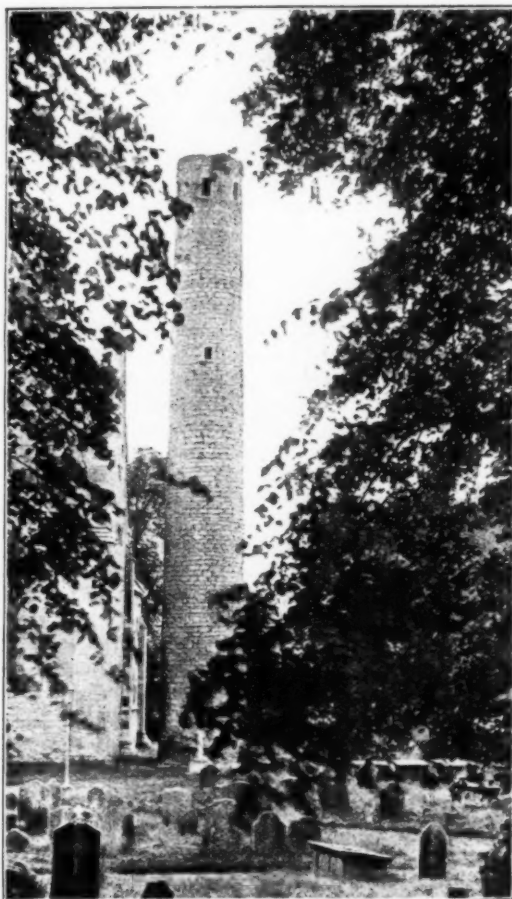
attack. He considered, as we have seen, that the Round Towers were built at various times from the fifth to the thirteenth centuries, and he certainly referred some of them to the early part of the seventh century. But then, objects Mr. Brash, one of the saner advocates of the Pagan theory, they could not have been belfries. Though bells were used in the ritual of the Christian Church from the earliest times, bell-towers were not built before the eighth century. How, then, did the Irish come to erect them in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries? Again, how is it that there is no mention in the "Annals" of a cloitech, if it designates a Round Tower, earlier than A.D. 950? Once more, how was it that St. Columba and the other early Irish missionaries did not introduce a Round Tower in the various places in Scotland, England, and elsewhere, where they preached the Gospel and founded churches? These arguments have much force if we hold that the Irish Round Towers were built in these early centuries, but what they really indicate is that the introduction of the towers was of much later date than either Petrie or Brash was inclined to suppose.

This brings us to the question, when were the Round Towers first erected?

Now a number of considerations seem to point to the beginning of the tenth century, or at the earliest the close of the ninth, as about the time when this remarkable addition to the monastic group of buildings in Ireland was first made.

1. In the first place we have seen that the earliest mention of them in the "Annals" is under the year 950, when the Danes destroyed the cloitech of Slane. The cloitech of Tomgraney was built about this time by Cormac O'Cillín, abbot of Clonmacnois, and there is really no evidence to show that any were erected much earlier. It is possible that some were built during the forty years (875-915) when there was comparative "rest to the men of Erin without ravage of the foreigners," but of this there is no direct evidence. The next person mentioned as a builder of bell-houses was the

famous Brian Boru, who saved Ireland from complete subjugation by the Danes, and went nearer to uniting the country into one solid monarchy than any native king before or since his time. In a fragment of a "Life of Brian," believed to have been written by his secretary, he is stated to have erected, or perhaps restored, as many as thirty-two bell-houses (cloitigi). Then again, an ancient antiphonary of Armagh states that Donough O'Carrol, chieftain of Oriel, a district between the Boyne and Carlingford Lough, was a builder of churches and



KILKENNY ROUND TOWER.

bell-houses. He died in the year 1170. Finally, it is recorded in the "Annals" that the cloitech of Annadown, County Galway, was erected as late as the year 1238. What is believed to be the stump of it, though situated in the adjoining parish, still remains, and the masonry points to a late period. With regard to Scotland, the Round Tower of Abernethy can hardly have been built earlier than after the middle of the ninth century, when the Irish monks were restored to the church of St. Bridget there by Kenneth Mac Alpin; while that at Brechin cannot have been earlier than the close of the tenth century, when it is recorded that the place was first "dedicated to the Lord." Indeed the

actual dates of these two towers may well have been later.

Petrie, indeed, thought that he detected a reference to a Round Tower in Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba," written at the close of the seventh century, but though he was followed in this by the late Bishop Reeves, the learned editor of this Life, I venture to think he entirely failed to make out his case. The passage in question tells how St. Columba when in Iona obtained by his prayer the intervention of an angel to save a monk who was in the act of falling from the roof of the large house (*de summo culmine magnæ domus*), or, according to the heading of the chapter, which appears in some MSS., from the roof of the round monastery (*de monasterii culmine rotundi*) then being built in Durrow. To identify this building with a Round Tower seems a very hazardous undertaking. The argument seems to be that no other round building would be sufficiently high to give occasion for the miracle. It seems to me much more probable that the words represent the Irish *tech mor* or great house, a name frequently applied to the abbot's house, which at this time appears to have been generally circular, and when, as at Durrow, wood was easily obtainable, made of wood. Further, from the mention of joists in connection with St. Columba's own house at Iona, Bishop Reeves in another place reasonably infers that it was probably two storeys high.

Subsequent to 2. Prior to the ninth century ecclesiastical centres in Ireland did not require defensive buildings of this sort. It was in this century that the terrible raids of the Northmen commenced—raids which every page of the "Annals" shows were specially directed against churches and monasteries. Miss Stokes has marked on the map of Ireland the ecclesiastical sites attacked by the Northmen in this century, and the general lines of their raids, and it appears that the vast majority of the Round Towers were built in connection with the churches thus shown liable to attack. They are found mainly along the coasts and in the river valleys most infested by the Northmen. The inference is that it was in consequence of these attacks in the ninth century that the towers began to be built as places of refuge and defence against similar attacks in the future.

Comparison with Dated Churches. 3. A comparison of the Round Towers with dated examples of churches showing similar architectural characteristics points to the same conclusion. To indicate the nature of this argument it will be necessary to refer to our former article, where we grouped the Round Towers according to the character of their doorways and other apertures, and the style of their masonry, and placed these groups in the apparent order of their development.

We then found that the earliest group of existing towers have a square-headed lintel over the doorway, with inclined jambs, and square or triangular headed windows, and are in general built of rough rubble masonry. These features, however, do not necessarily imply a very early date. The first person who is mentioned in any authentic record as having built a Round Tower

was Cormac O'Cillin, abbot of Clonmacnois, who died in the year 966, and who is stated to have built "the church of Tomgraney with its cloitech." Unfortunately the latter does not now exist, though Petrie says that, according to the tradition of the old natives of the place, some remains of it existed about forty years before he wrote. The church of Tomgraney, however, still exists, and there is no reason to doubt that the oldest part of it is the work of Cormac O'Cillin. As Miss Stokes says, the west end of this church is the first example of a stone church with cement for the date of which there is historic evidence. Here we have proof that the doorway with horizontal lintel and inclined sides, the massive polygonal masonry and square pilasters, were characteristic of the Irish church about the middle of the tenth century. The doorway then with horizontal lintel and inclined sides does not necessarily imply an earlier date. Indeed, there are several examples of doorways of churches in which there is a regular radiating arch thrown up as a relieving arch over the square lintel, showing that this latter form was retained after the principle of the arch and its structural advantages were well understood. In the second and third groups we found the first idea of the round arch scooped out of one, three, or five stones, with sometimes an architrave or other simple moulding in the doorway, while the masonry improves, and in the third group the stones are laid in horizontal courses and well dressed. The fourth group comprised all towers built of ashlar masonry, with doorways showing a regular radiating arch of seven or more stones well cut and squared, including some towers showing Romanesque decoration.

In considering this sequence of groups it is plain that they cover the transition period between the primitive flat-lintelled style and the round-arched decorated Irish Romanesque. From an examination of the dated examples of the Irish churches this transition may be said to have commenced some time after the middle of the tenth century, when the church of Tomgraney was built, and to have been completed before the close of the eleventh century, shortly after which Cormac's Chapel at Cashel was erected. The second and third groups, if not the first also, would then appear to fall within this period, while the fourth group must have extended into the succeeding century.

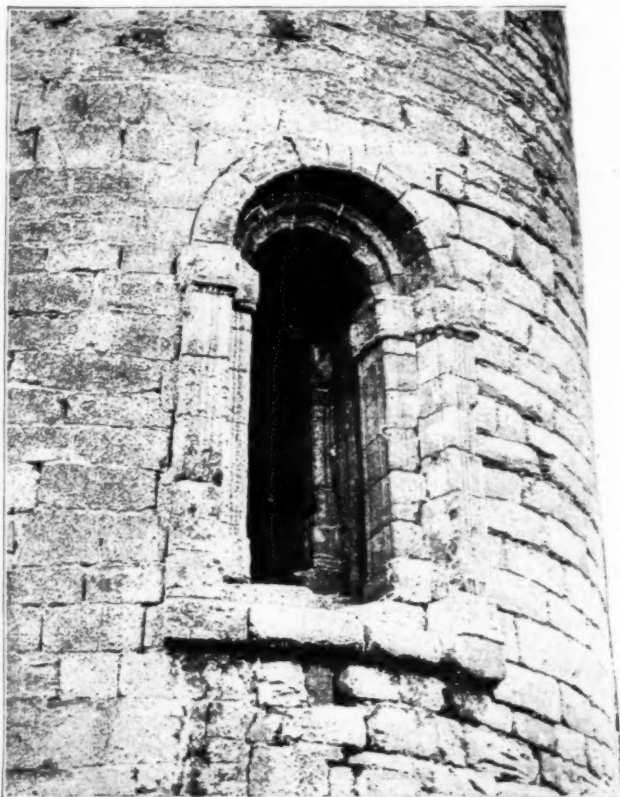
The finest examples of ornamented Romanesque work in Round Towers is presented by the doorways of the towers at Kildare and Timahoe. The latter is in the best preservation, and is here illustrated from Lord Dunraven's photograph. The tower is nearly perfect with the exception of part of the conical cap which is gone. It is 96 ft. in height, and 57 ft. in circumference at the base. The doorway is 15 ft. above ground. The doorway is described by Petrie as consisting of "two divisions separated from each other by a deep reveal, and presenting each a double compound recessed arch resting on plain shafts with flat capitals." The shafts are, however, rounded at the angles and have V-shaped groovings. The capitals are decorated with pairs of human heads, with

thick moustaches and hair intertwined so as to form complicated knots. These resemble the capitals on the doorways of some of the Romanesque churches such as Killeshin and Rahen. In the bases of the outer order there is a sort of dumb-bell ornament and a human head. The archivolt of the outer arch shows a bead and pellet moulding, those of the inner ones display varieties of the chevron.

O'Donovan says, "I cannot understand how the door was fastened in this doorway." It seems to me that the reveal which divides the outer compound archway from the inner one must have been intended for the reception of a door. This reveal is 6 inches in depth and $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches in breadth, and is without ornament of any kind. A door in two parts might be inserted here and kept tight in position by strong bars.

Comparison with Continental Round Towers. 4. There are a number of round church towers in different parts of the Continent bearing a resemblance, more or less close, to the Irish Round Towers, and it is believed that these may be referred to the period in question or to a somewhat earlier period. It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish towers are quite unique, and that nothing like them can be traced elsewhere. They undoubtedly have local peculiarities which are probably the outcome of local conditions and constitute a local style, but there are many indications that they represent a type which was once not uncommon throughout Western Europe. In the first place, not counting those in Scotland, in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and in Man, which may be looked upon as the offspring of the Irish towers, Miss Stokes has enumerated twenty-two towers, high, slender and circular, with pointed roofs, which still exist, or are known to have existed, in places outside of Ireland. Six of these are in Ravenna, others elsewhere in Italy, in Switzerland, Germany, France, and Belgium. There is a remarkable one closely resembling the Irish type at Epinal in Lorraine. There is certainly not the same close family resemblance among them which we have noticed in the Irish towers, but in so many different countries this was to be expected. In some cases the apertures of the foreign examples are more numerous and larger, and some contain a spiral stone staircase. Many of them, too, are structurally attached to a church. It is true that there are or were some nine or ten Round Towers in Ireland attached to a church, but though they are very instructive as to the ecclesiastical nature of the Round Towers and the uses to which they were put, they mark the decadence of the style, and must not be looked upon as early or typical examples. The typical Round Tower was isolated, and the reason is plain. A building 100 or 120 ft. high could not be attached to the tiny church of the tenth, eleventh,

and twelfth centuries without violating all principles of proportion. On the other hand, that a people accustomed to these tiny churches should have, apparently from the first, carried the towers so high is a clear indication that they got the type from abroad.



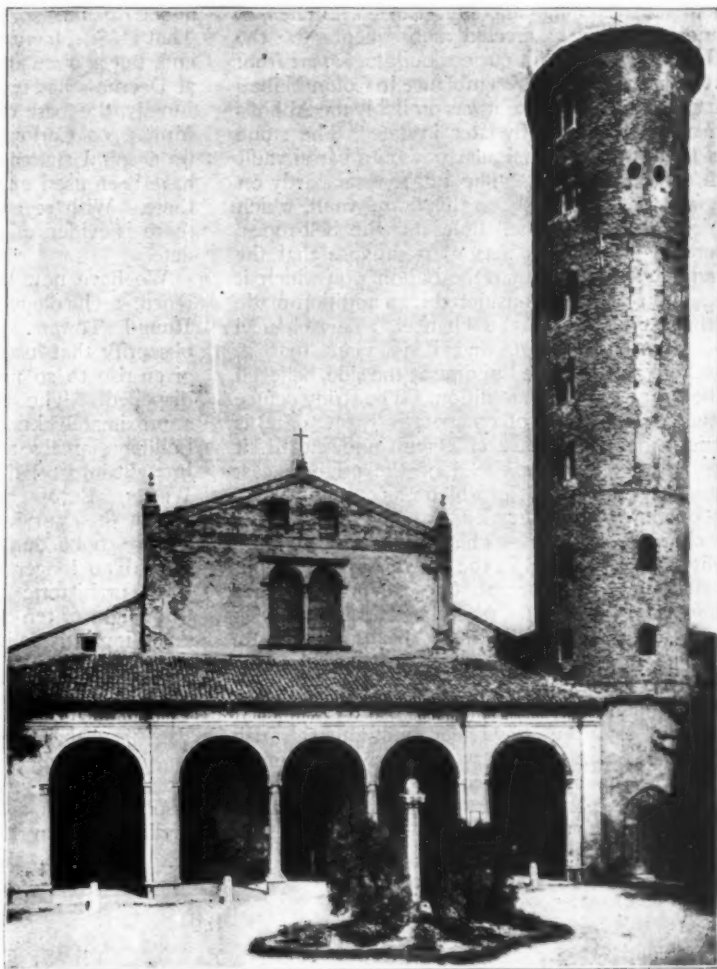
DOORWAY OF ROUND TOWER, TIMAHOE, QUEEN'S COUNTY.
(From Lord Dunraven's photograph.)

But, it may be asked, seeing that there are so many examples of these towers in Ireland, how is it that there are not more numerous and closer examples elsewhere? The answer is one which the student of comparative archæology will often find himself obliged to make with respect to Ireland. From a variety of causes, some of which we have recently indicated, types once common, but now rarely to be met with, or non-existent, elsewhere, are still to be found in Ireland. The towers of the Carolingian period on the continent have been mostly replaced by those of a later type. That towers of a type essentially similar to the Irish type once existed in considerable numbers may be inferred from the representations of them which occur in early bas-reliefs, illuminated MSS., and frescoes. Miss Stokes has copied a number of these. We may here add one which she has not noticed, but which has been referred to by the Rev. Dr. Healy of Kells. It is from a panel of an ivory casket now exhibited in South Kensington Museum. Two of these panels represent scenes connected with the Nativity. That here reproduced (7 inches long, 1 inch high) shows first the Annun-

ciation, the Virgin, as described in the Apocryphal Gospels, being surprised whilst drawing water by the visit of the Archangel. Next, the angel appears to Joseph in a dream, the Virgin and attendant standing by. Then comes the Salutation of Elizabeth, the "city of Juda" being represented by a church with two veritable Round Towers. The last scene perhaps represents Mary leaving the house of Zacharias, who is entering the Temple. It is with the Round Towers that we are here concerned. They are slender and lofty, with perhaps four windows under the roof, which, however, resemble a cupola more than a cone. The whole aspect of the church with its twin towers closely resembles that of the church of Deerness in Orkney which was destroyed early in the present century, but of which a drawing and description remain. Unfortunately specialists differ as to the date and nationality of this ivory. Mr. Maskell calls it Byzantine of the eleventh century, while Mr. J. O. Westwood describes it as Italian of the sixth or seventh century. Where such authorities differ it would be presumptuous for me to pronounce a dogmatic opinion, but it may be remarked that Mr. Westwood supports his opinion by pointing out the close resemblance of design and workmanship between this ivory and what is known as the Great Milan Book cover, a resemblance so close as to suggest that they are both the work of the same artist.

However this may be, all the evidence points to Italy and in particular to Ravenna as the country in which campaniles in connection with churches were first built. Later examples were generally square, but there was a primitive type which was round, as can be proved both by existing examples and by contemporary illustrations. From this primitive type it seems extremely probable that the model of the Irish Round Tower was derived. It may have come indirectly through Switzerland, Germany, and France, in all of which countries some few examples of the type are still preserved. That the Irish Church had considerable communication with these countries during the Carlovingian period can be amply proved, but to enlarge upon this point would exceed our limits, and we must content ourselves with pointing out one remarkable link in the chain of evidence which has chanced to be preserved.

In the library of the Irish monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland a MS. plan of a great monastic establishment was recently brought to light. It had been sent to Gospertus, abbot of the monastery, in the beginning of the ninth century, and is supposed to have been prepared by Eigenhard, the friend of Charlemagne and director of his buildings. It may be looked upon as a plan of what was then considered a perfect monastery. It is very elaborate, but the point in which we are



ROUND TOWER, SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO, RAVENNA.

interested is that the plan represents, behind the west apse of the church, two detached circular towers. There is, however, no mention of bells, and the text would seem to indicate rather that the towers were designed for purposes of watch and guard.

Round Towers Attached to Churches. 5. An examination of the existing Round Towers structurally connected with churches points to a comparatively late date for them at any rate. To take the clearest case first. At Clonmacnois there is a round tower of the usual type, only smaller (fifty-six feet high),

structurally connected¹ with a church known as Tempul Finghin (Fineen), a church whose Romanesque details point to the early part of the twelfth century as its approximate date.

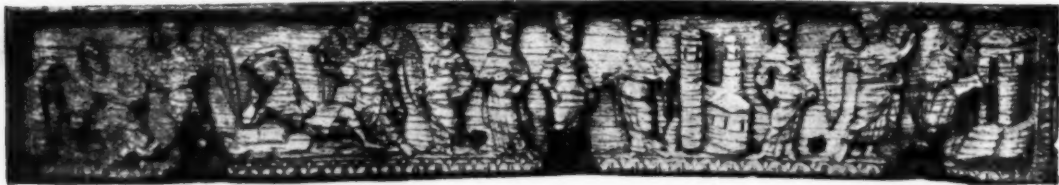
These attached Round Towers are generally regarded as belonging to a transition type and as marking the decadence of the detached belfry, and this view is probably correct. But it must not therefore be inferred that they are all later than the late examples of isolated Round Towers. No one, for instance, could maintain that the turret over the remarkable building called St. Kevin's kitchen, at Glendalough, was erected subsequent to the Ardmore Tower. This curious building, apart from the tower, has a certain resemblance to Columbkille's house at Kells, and like it was probably the Abbot's house, though evidently later in date. The stone roof is supported in a similar way on a barrel vault with a croft between. The turret rests partly on the west wall and partly on this barrel vault, which is pierced by three small holes for the bell-ropes. There is, I think, no reason to suppose that the turret is later in date than the building on which it rests, though Petrie considered it an addition made at the same time as the chancel. This chancel was recently removed, and it is plain that it, together with the little building at the side, believed to be a sacristy, was an addition. The string course at the eaves (a mark of comparatively late date) is carried round the east end, and underneath it may still be seen the head of the original east window, the lower part of which was cut away when the opening (round headed, but not arched) into the chancel was made. This building is in all probability that mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters" under the name Cro Kevin or Kevin's House, at the year 1163, when it is said to have been burned. This expression may refer to its furniture or fittings and perhaps a wooden floor below the barrel vault. Certainly the appearance of the existing building suggests a much greater antiquity. Nevertheless, it must have been built after the Irish were quite aware of the structural advantage of an arch over openings, since over the horizontal lintel of the west doorway is thrown a radiating relieving arch.

¹ The original connection between this church and tower is, however, denied by Mr. Brash.

The other attached Round Towers were connected with the church in various ways. Several rose from a square base, as in the case of the tower attached to the Cathedral at Uzès in the department of Gard, France, and in that of Schänis in the canton of St. Gallen, Switzerland. The base of the tower attached to the church at Ireland's Eye formed the little chancel of the church. The tower at Trinity Church, Glendalough, rose from a square building subsequently added to the west end of the church. That at Trummery, co. Antrim, was also apparently added to the south-west corner of the church. That at St. Magnus in Egilsha stands at the west end, but is circular from the bottom. The church at Deerness had two Round Towers at the east end. Finally, the base of one recently discovered at St. Mullins, co. Carlow, appears to have been connected by a spiral staircase with a building believed to have been used as a residence by the ecclesiastics there. With regard to nearly all of these towers there is evidence pointing to a comparatively late date.

We have now rapidly reviewed in the light of recent archæology the problems presented by the Round Towers. Much of the mystery and obscurity that used to surround them, and has given rise to so much wild speculation, has been dispelled. The period when they were built is approximately known, the main purposes of the builders largely ascertained. They have been brought into relationship with similar buildings in Western Europe, while their peculiarities and the fact of their survival in such numbers have been shown to be due to local conditions. We can indeed no longer regard them as belonging to a misty prehistoric civilisation, but an antiquity of even eight or ten centuries is what few buildings of equal importance in our Islands can boast, and is surely enough to stir the poetic imagination in the mind of man. As standing memorials of the struggles of the infant Church against the hosts of Paganism, they have surely an even greater interest for us than when they were vaguely regarded as "temples of forgotten gods," and fancifully associated with all kinds of impossible and contradictory pagan rites.

GODDARD H. ORPEN.



PANEL FROM AN IVORY CASKET, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

FORESTWYK.

BY E. BOYD BAVLY, AUTHOR OF "JONATHAN MERLE," "ZACHARY BROUGH'S VENTURE," "WORKADAY STORIES," ETC.



AN EVENTFUL MOMENT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE preliminary investigations were concluded next day. Chris was committed for trial at the next Assizes, and Langdale wrote to Mr. Arrowhead that evening to ask advice as to counsel. The next day, Saturday, a reply came by telegram, "Coming to-night. Let defendant meet me at station, 10.45."

Chris obeyed, and had to take Mr. Arrowhead round part of the Leas, and past the Easton Arms. The Queen's Counsel had run away from a dinner party to catch the evening express, and as he and Chris walked up the Friars Combe Road, he said,

"Excuse my freedom, but would you care to tell your solicitor to apply to me? Because if you would, if I am at liberty then, my only condition would be that I take no fee."

"It is too much for us to let you do," stammered Chris. They had all been sighing for Mr. Arrowhead, but thought the case beneath him, not to mention the fee.

"It leaves me in your debt, whatever comes of it," said Arrowhead; and getting no answer, he said, "Do you happen to know Robertson's defence of Tennyson for putting the passion of a lover into his 'In Memoriam' of a friend?"

"I remember," said Chris. "He said he felt the same for Moncrieff."

"That was it. I had a Moncrieff—his name was Claude. My pride in that man! When I found myself deceived in him, the heavens fell, for me. Still, I held on to him till I could hold no longer; it was no use. But the love of him was so knit into every association of my life, I never lay down nor rose up, nor went in or out, without the pain of it when he was down, and the joy when I had him back. You saved him."

"No," broke out Chris.

"Not you alone; but your part cost the most in self-denial."

"None. It was the making of me—if I am made," said Chris, with a touch of bitterness.

"I believe it. Nevertheless, you have as good

a right to say that you loved and saved as I that I loved and ruined. My scorn of the weakness that I did not know was his, made it harder for him to own up and act accordingly. If he had trusted me ! But that is long past. You and old Brough pulled him through."

"And his child," said Chris, in a low voice.

"Ah !" There was a deep note of comprehension in the syllable. "Well, I should like to do what I can to pull you through this, if you will allow me," said Mr. Arrowhead. "I came down to look into the case, because if it were complicated I should not have time to do it justice. It is plain enough, and short. I couldn't take anything from you, for I shall save you little or nothing. There must be a junior counsel, in case of my failing you, who would attend to the matter if a trial I have coming on should not get through ; and it might be more to your advantage to have a leading counsel who could give more time. I'll tell *you*, though you needn't let Mrs. Gundry know, that I consider your position pretty serious. In a case like this, the predilection against the accused is apt to be strong, and you have nothing to rely on but your character, and the chance of upsetting the other side's evidence in cross-examination—so that a great deal will depend on that. Study your own interest : only don't let your father hesitate from any feeling about obligation," said Arrowhead, as they stopped at the gate of Woodside.

"I will *not*," said Chris, meeting the firm grasp of the speaker's hand.

"Thank you," said Arrowhead. "Good night."

There was quite a battle at Greenway that night—Gundry ready to accept the benefit, his wife in arms against him. Her boy ought to lose no advantage, certainly, but she would have the family give up every luxury rather than not pay for what they took. At last Chris got up and said, "This is not father's affair, mother. I can pay my own fees ; but Mr. Arrowhead offered this to *me*, and I've settled to take it. Good night."

He gave her a kiss and went to bed.

The main charge against Chris had sprung from an incident which he never intended to have brought into court. A short time before the Quarter Sessions were held, he had been walking home late, after taking his mother and the girls to a concert, and was surprised to meet Palmer hovering about the Easton Arms, though it was long past closing time. The man was in great distress. Johnny had seen his wife go in there ; she had not returned home, or the boy would have come to tell him, and she had not come out with the other customers at eleven o'clock. The house was all shut up in the front, but voices could be heard within, and lights shone through chinks in the shutters at the back.

Mr. Calwell, the town missionary, came by from visiting a death-bed, and stopped to consult and sympathise. While they stood talking, they heard sounds of drawing the bolts of the back door, and Chris, not wishing to be seen, and obliged to prosecute and drag poor Palmer into the affair, slipped down the walled alley at the foot

of the yard, and stood behind an elder-tree. His eyes were just above the wall, and between the thin autumnal leaves he could see through the open door to the square opening cut in the wall between back-parlour and bar. The lights were out, in the parlour ; one still burned in the bar. Customers were paying their scores, and Chris repeatedly saw money taken and dropped into the till.

Mrs. Palmer was helped out, much too far gone to know anything of what had happened within. It was the eve of the Saturday when Chris had found her little boy crying, and learned that she had gone in with twenty-five shillings, as the pawn tickets showed, and come out without a penny.

Mr. Calwell had either forgotten or not understood that this discovery was not to be reported, and when giving evidence at the Quarter Sessions, he mentioned "trading after hours" among the disorders observed. The opposite counsel cross-examined sharply, and Chris was called in support.

The defence was that an old customer and friend of Mr. Cartlip, the landlord, had been married that day. The couple came to make merry in the old place, and when the customers were gone a few friends kept it up a little ; but there was no trading—no money passed. And though there were three witnesses to the late hours, Chris alone had seen money change hands.

Mr. Arrowhead told him that Palmer's evidence would be indispensable. Laurence had thought of this before, and came up on Sunday afternoon to say that the man was ready to come forward. The shame had gone beyond concealment already, and the talk would have died down before his wife's return from the inebriates' home.

Chris went out on Monday and had the calamity to find himself famous. Though a section of Forestwyk was very angry with him, and a larger portion thought he had the bee in his bonnet, there was a strong general feeling that it would be too bad if such a cricketer were brought to prison. The lawyers thought the time for preparation short. Chris only wished the earth would swallow him till it was over.

The last night came. Mr. Arrowhead had judgment given in his favour in his great case in the morning, and rushed down to Forestwyk, to give the evening to the little one. Chris and Gundry met him and Mr. Rooker, the solicitor, at Woodside. Chris left his father with the lawyers, and came into the drawing-room to bid Alcie good-bye. Mr. Brough and Alick were there, waiting to be instructed. Langdale took them into the dining-room, leaving Chris alone with Alcie. He stood on the hearthrug, and thought how often Alick would stand there in the winter evenings, when he, perhaps, might be in his cell. Just then the thought caused him no pain ; he liked to think of leaving them all happy.

He turned towards Alcie, and smiled as he met her anxious eyes.

"How nice if you might be back all right by this time to-morrow night !" she said.

"It will be all right, anyhow," he answered.

"I know ; but I don't want you to go to prison, Chris."

Chris only smiled again, and Gundry coming out, they bade good-bye.

Mr. Jarnley had come down to attend the trial—a great comfort both to Gundry and his wife. It had been decided that the girls must stay with their mother, but at the last moment Molly's resolution failed, and she cried out "Oh, father, let me go with him !"

"You *shall*," said Gundry, and she flew for her hat and cloak. Chris stood waiting to hand her into the waggonette. "Worth three months, Molly," he said in her ear, and squeezed her hand. That was something for dumb old Chris to perpetrate.

When they reached the station, the platform was crowded, and as Chris appeared, a cheer rang out all down its length. Friends had assembled in force to see him off. The train stood waiting, and he bolted into the nearest carriage.

"This won't do," said Mr. Arrowhead, at the window. "They have taken a first for us in front. Come along."

"I won't," said Chris, turning surly. "I'll stand chokee, but I can't stand jaw."

Mr. Arrowhead drew back, puzzled. Mr. Brough put in his head and said, "Come out of that," and Chris came out like a lamb. There were parting words and handshakes, and the train steamed off.

Arrived at the Assize Court, Mr. Arrowhead took Molly up the stone stairs, and asked the sergeant of police on duty to find her a good seat, before he went into the robing room. Chris and his witnesses—all friends—waited below. A policeman came to the top of the stairs and called "Christopher Gundry to surrender."

Chris stepped forward.

"This way, please."

He waved his hat to his friends and walked up the stairs and into the court, duly escorted. As he appeared in court, a warder within threw open the door of the dock; he stepped in, and found himself facing the judge—two warders sitting on the bench behind him, and on one side the narrow little staircase leading down to the cells. He might have to leave the spot that way. He was nearly on a level with the judge; counsel and some of the spectators were on a lower level between—Molly in a side seat, where she could see his face.

The clerk read the indictment of wilful and corrupt perjury, and put the question, "Are you guilty or not?"

"Not guilty."

The counsel for the prosecution opened the case, and Chris was amused at Molly's face, as she heard the description given of him and his proceedings. Then came the witnesses, and the first piece of cross-examination began to show his own counsel's mettle. Mr. Arrowhead never bullied—the lower his opinion of a witness the more his suavity increased. A great deal was made of the hardship that this exemplary landlord could not give a marriage feast to his friends without being spied on by his unscrupulous and malignant persecutor. The bride, a portly middle-aged woman, was called, and gave her evidence in a very smart pink hat.

Mr. Arrowhead wished to know why her husband was not there to support his friend. He was away—had been gone a fortnight; he had given her no address; she had no idea when he was coming back, or where he was.

A slight pause. In a tone of much sympathy the counsel asked, "Are you not very anxious?"

The woman looked up, immensely relieved at this easy question, and with quite a beam upon her face, said, "Yes, sir."

"You may go," said Mr. Arrowhead, and all the jury smiled.

A weary length of time was spent over minute details of locality and position; a line of witnesses swore to the contrary of Christopher's statements. Mr. Arrowhead was able to bring out several flaws and contradictions in the evidence, but it held together better than got-up evidence usually does. The case was simple, and exceedingly well prepared—led by a silk gown.

Then came the defence. Mr. Arrowhead opened shortly, and asked leave for the defendant to make a voluntary statement. He wished afterwards that he had not done so. As usual, Chris was cool, straightforward, and perfectly clear, but his fatality for showing himself at a disadvantage pursued him. He failed to bring out strong points in his own favour, and he spoke the plain truth with a touch of smothered indignation which gave colour to the charge of animus.

The Rector of Forestwyk, Mr. Constable, and Mr. Brough, bore witness to the prisoner's high personal character.

The town missionary, who came next, showed feeling dangerously. Palmer followed, and went through the torment of giving his evidence. The way in which he was handled by the opposite counsel in cross-examination brought a dark look into the face of Chris, and the jury saw it. Gundry did his brief part well, but Joe, who followed, did not see where he was going till he had to own that his brother was possessed by a passion of indignant grief over the evil he had seen done.

The case looked more and more serious. Alick, the last witness, stepped into the box. Throughout, the contrast in the stamp of the witnesses on the two sides was striking; but the average jurymen might easily happen to feel more sympathy with the lower type, and even the judge might incline to estimate the defendant's party as men whose very virtues ran towards a blind enthusiasm. Alick's winning personality attracted, and he at once impressed his audience as a level-headed man. He repeated what Chris had said to him, or in his presence, respecting the incidents in question, and his account tallied exactly with the evidence of Mr. Brough and Joe. He also brought out admirably the spirit and temper in which Chris had entered upon this conflict. When he stepped down, he had done as much to refute the charge of animus as any single witness could.

The counsel for the defence rose and looked around; a magnetic thrill ran through the audience before he moved his lips. Chris thought that he knew his face well; he knew, now, that he had never seen John Arrowhead until he heard him speak. The grey eyes flashed and dilated,

the hand tightened with a nervous grasp upon the notes it held. They were not needed. He went rapidly through the evidence without once looking at them, bringing out, with masterly force, every discrepancy apparent on the opposite side, and also the self-interest of every witness there, contrasted with the self-abandonment of the prisoner and his friends. Were those the sort of men likely to agree in concocting a tissue of falsehoods? It was said that the prisoner had misled and hoodwinked these simple-minded and credulous persons. The jury must form their own opinion as to whether such innocence was compatible with their appearance and the position they held. It was said that the mind of the prisoner was utterly jaundiced and diseased by animus. Mr. Arrowhead rejected the word animus as implying personal animosity; but let him substitute indignation—the indignation that every honest man has a right to feel in sight of a great wrong—that he accepted. Was it peculiar to his client? All through the land, did not the noblest men of every party groan with indignation against the evils—the admitted, well-known iniquities, carried on in licensed premises, nominally under the sanction of the law they defied? Thousands of honest men would gladly do or suffer anything to stop these evils and restore the insulted honour of the law, but they knew not where to begin. "Here is a young fellow who stumbles upon a definite breach of the law—quietly resorts to the proper machinery for bringing the offender to justice, and succeeds, as long as the matter is in the hands of men acquainted with the neighbourhood where the thing took place. Removed to the jurisdiction of another court, the decision is reversed; but this in no way implied that the offences charged had not been committed. All it said was that, in the opinion of the bench at Quarter Sessions, the penalty inflicted was more than commensurate with the offence, and therefore, since no medium course was open to them, they withdrew it altogether.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is a test-case—a test whether high character and the total absence of interested motives can suffice to make the word of one honest man prevail against the word of many witnesses who have, on the face of the matter, personal interests to serve. The moral range of your decision goes far beyond that of a precedent merely affecting a particular traffic. Acquit the prisoner, and every honest man who sees a foul wrong done will take fresh courage to interpose and stop it. Condemn him—you will vastly increase the difficulty, the danger, the sacrifice of such attempts; but you will not put an end to them. There are young men left—ready for sacrifice—ready for danger—ready, if they are beaten on one line, to advance again upon another, until, to use the words of a noble and high-minded brewer, 'It will be seen that Government must be on the side of morals, as the old common law was on that side, or an inextinguishable party will know the reason why.'"

Mr. Arrowhead sat down.

The counsel for the prosecution pointed out that the whole evidence practically hung upon the word of the prisoner himself, and denounced this

self-elected guardian of the public morals as a sneaking, un-English, puritanic Pharisee, to whom a lie was nothing compared with the enormity of sipping what he believed to be the devil in solution. His learned friend had spoken of redressing wrongs. What was to become of the sacred *rights* of liberty, dear to every English heart, if such spying, such harrying of an honest man were allowed to pass unpunished? Here was a wrong that ought to stir the soul of every man who cared for the Englishman's birthright—the sacredness of hearth and home.

The judge spoke, and like snow in summer his measured utterance fell upon the heated air, giving Chris a solid feeling that at last his case had come under the majesty of English law. Pleading provoked him; he was not the saint that they made him out, any more than he was the sinner. Save Arrowhead's peroration, the first thing he had really enjoyed in his own trial was the summing-up. It could not be described as in his favour—it simply gathered up the strongest arguments on each side—made the whole perfectly clear, and left it. When the jury filed out, Chris had the satisfaction of feeling that if he were acquitted the other side would have had fair play.

A murmur of talk arose in the court below the Judge and the prisoner—each silent in his place. Chris looked down the little staircase. If he went down there, the world would wag on, and he have no say in it. It could do without him. He looked at the wigs, and thought how much smaller they were than fancy painted them. He did not think the Judge would give him a long sentence, and hoped no one would make any fuss over a short one.

The jury filed back. Molly and Joe, sitting together, grew very pale. Chris smiled at them.

"Not Guilty, my Lord."

"Prisoner at the bar, the jury return a verdict of Not Guilty. You are therefore discharged."

The warder unbolted the door of the dock, and Chris walked out. Molly leaped to her feet, as though to reach him at one spring.

"*Sit still*, Molly," said Joe, in a growl of thunder. She remembered her vows, and did *not* make a scene.

But all the world was moving: the Court had sat late to finish the case, and everyone was trooping out. Chris found himself in the broad gallery outside, all his friends shaking hands with him, and Molly close by. He took it all quietly, as usual, but when he saw the tears of joy in his father's eyes he did rejoice to be free.

"Now then—we have just lost this train. Who is to have telegrams!" said Alick, triumphantly producing a sheaf of forms.

"Dora, Aunt Jarnley, the Halls," said Chris, "and Mr. Langdale."

"I've done one to Alcie," said Alick, holding up a form inscribed, "To Miss Langdale. Acquitted. Hurrah. Alick."

Chris silently took another form and wrote to his little sister, "Acquitted. Chris."

The spur of peril was over. He walked out, and presently took his place in the train—stupid old

Chris once more. Not without astuteness, though, for when the train stopped at Forest Ford, he stepped out, remarking, "I can't do a reception," and disappeared, before even Joe could catch him, to go the rest of the way afoot.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHRIS plodded along the muddy roads by the light of a low half-moon, a lingering glow in the twilight sky behind him. Two hours ago he had stood cheerfully in the dock, ready for anything. He was free, and his heart failed him. Rarely indeed had he flinched before anything appointed him to do or bear; but when he looked forward, and saw the old conflict prolonged indefinitely—those wistful, gentle looks of Alcie's in his heart, tempting him, and Alick dawdling over his wooing in this mortal way—for the first time in his life the words were wrung out of him, "I can't stand it."

Last night all was easy—self was lost in his cause. The cause had won, for the moment—a trifling victory that would change nothing—and he knew himself a man. "*Homo sum*"—there was no escape from that. If the strong passion he had to master had been an ignoble one, he could have stamped on it: if certainly hopeless, he could have yielded to the will of God; but—but—there torment lay!—Alcie had been kind. She had given him the sweets so easy to offer to a wayfarer who will go away and want no more: he had taken them, with the refuge of a stone cell straight before him; and he had to meet her again! No cloister for him: he was sent back to face the world, without the inward detachment that a cloistered space in life can give.

When he reached home he tried to brighten up and be responsive, but he made a poor sort of hypocrite. Fortunately, the others chattered enough to atone for his silence.

After the meal, Gundry went to write letters in his den, and Chris was left alone with his uncle.

"Have you any wish to be out of the neighbourhood until this affair has subsided?" asked Mr. Jarnley.

"I should like it," said Chris, "but I don't see how."

On this Mr. Jarnley made the offer of a post in his own business for the winter, and Chris gratefully accepted. Gundry was consulted, and heartily approved. Chris was to go back with his uncle next day. He had wound up his affairs, to be ready for prison, and the sooner he was off the better. The way of escape had come very quickly. Chris felt strangely awed and cheered.

Gundry noted the change in his face, and felt sorrowfully that this was only a beginning. He must give the boy up: it would be cruel to expect him to settle down in Forestwyk. His heart had ached for Chris when he saw him sad and quiet among the rejoicings. When he came out of the study and saw him serene again, it ached for himself.

The father and son lingered together when the rest had gone up to bed. "This will give me a

chance to learn a good deal that we seem to want now," said Chris.

The firm of Jarnley and Son took the same range as that of Constable and Gundry.

"I have an idea that your uncle would be very glad if it ended in your staying with him," said Gundry.

"I shan't do that, father, unless you want me out of Joe's way. I want to be with you."

A great flash of joy crossed Gundry's face. "Would you be satisfied?" he asked, fixing his eyes on Chris.

"Yes, father, I want to."

"Never think about Joe, then," said Gundry.

"There is room for you both—plenty."

He held out his hand, saying, "Good-night, my son."

"Good-night, father."

Those were all the words they said, but both turned away with deep, sustaining joy at heart. Come what might, each was sure of one place where love never had been unrepaid, and never would be. Chris was not going to walk away from such a possession; he might be a fool, but not fool enough for that.

Chris left next day, but decided to return on the following Monday to attend a meeting at Mrs. Rohan's about the cottage settlements she was planning. In the midst of all their private concerns, he and his father had made time to draw up an estimate proving that, with land at average market value, good houses, with little gardens, could be let for 2s. 6d. to 5s. a week, and yield an interest on capital of at least 3 per cent., after making allowance for rates and repairs. The capital needed for one settlement had been subscribed at once.

Chris walked up the hill with Gundry on Monday evening, almost wishing that he was not going away, his head was so full of delightful notions for those little houses. The honorary surveyor reported that in all Forestwyk no land could be had for the purpose. Land for villas was offered pressingly, but for cottages—no. Owners were afraid of lowering the value of adjoining property.

"They don't understand," said Gundry, "that houses like these would bring the pick of the poor."

Joe had revealed the project to Laurence, and when he went to tell him of this difficulty, Laurence confessed to having told Dyke, to hearten him with hope of a long job in the winter. "And now it's moonshine. I must go and tell him myself," he said.

It was in the dinner hour, and Joe went with him to the house where Dyke was painting. Laurence shouted for him, and he came clattering down to the first floor, where they stood, looking so radiant that Laurence exclaimed, "Hallo! have ye come to a fortune, Dyke?"

"Yes, I have," said Dyke slowly, looking him in the face.

A pang of something like envy shot to Laurence's heart.

"Is it the turn you've got, man?" he asked softly.

"Yes, Sunday week."

"Tell us," said Laurence.

The wonder was still so new and great to Dyke that speech was a necessity: he could not hold in.

"I went to the mission-service with old Taylor," he said. "It had been a-gnoring in me ever since I heard, through the wall, what that lady said to Mrs. Palmer. Taylor, he sat and talked to me; and I asked him didn't he think the Lord 'ud make some 'lowance for a man like me? 'Bless you,' he says in his way (Dyke fell into his own vernacular in repeating it), 'the Lard don't go at it that ther pottering way. What He do do, He does it like a King. You can bring 'un the whole muster of all as there is again you, and He will put His hand on it and blot it out, like the steam out of a kettle as nobody sees no more.'

"But I couldn't see how to bring nothing up to Him. It was like staring up again a wall, and no way through. I kneeled down like the rest of 'em, but I didn't know what to be at. And then," Dyke's voice trembled, "I can't tell you how 'twer—I don't know myself—but the Lord *did* come to me, and did it like a King.

"Then I went back to Maria to ask her to forgive me too; and *didn't she just*," said Dyke, the tears coming into his eyes. "And we went and knelt down by our little children asleep, and give up them and ourselves altogether to God; and I know He took us."

St. Abbot's bells began to chime the quarters.

"Time up," said Dyke. "I must mind my time *now*, mustn't I, sir?" looking at Joe.

He was going, but turned back to say, with a great effort, "You don't know what you did for me, sir, that day you asked me to go and see the cricket. It was touch and go with me that afternoon. I don't know where I might be now, but for you."

Alcie heard Maria's side of the story that afternoon.

"Oh, miss, the difference! He always was a kind heart, you know, miss, *always*; but when the troubles came, it seemed as if it was all he could do to bear himself, without thinking of my part. I used to dread to remind him there'd come a winter again, he was that sick of having troubles; but now he takes it on his own mind, and says how we must manage, and how the Lord'll teach us what to do."

"And can you manage, Maria?" asked Alcie anxiously.

"Oh dear yes, miss. You see, I've got Mr. Palmer's money, and it's such a thing having work going on through this month! We got clear of everything owing from last winter, and our things back, by the middle of September, so I've saved; and Dyke and me settled, that Sunday, as long as he is in work we'd live on half of what he gets—we can—we've done it. So four weeks' work and what I have saved will be seven or eight weeks' living for when he is out. Of course, he hates being out, but it will be so different! To think how we've had to try and not scold and grumble at one another! and now we have to mind and not go on quite silly-like, before the children. I'd be ashamed to tell you, miss, the silly things he'll say to me," said Maria, blushing.

She had fallen in love with her husband! It was wonderful to see how the bloom of her youth had come back into her worn face, and the pretty, coy looks of her courting days. But she said, "We never had anything like this when we were courting. Do you see we've got your papa's clock back, miss? and it is so nice for me and the children to have a clock, to see how long it will be before father comes home."

Jack's eye had quite recovered, but the other two children were not strong, and the damp house was very bad for them. There were cares and privations enough in that little home, with the brave struggle going on to get ready for the winter, but Alcie left it, feeling as if it had become a tabernacle for the transfiguration. The hand of the Lord had touched it—and done it like a King!

She had not then heard those words, though the thought was in her mind; but that evening, when Langdale was busy in the study, Chris came in to say good-bye, and after he had visited the study she heard him pause outside the parlour door.

"Come in, Chris," she said.

He entered, and told her something of what he had heard from Joe.

"Like a King!" repeated Alcie. "I have been thinking what a struggle it is to get anything made better by altering outside things; but when Dyke looked for the King, he had only to lift up his eyes and there He was."

Chris said with his quiet smile,

"'Tis only God that is given away,

'Tis only Heaven may be had for the asking.'"

Alcie noted one more proof that Chris read books.

"The beginning of it all was your going to Maria," he observed.

"You made me do that," said Alcie quickly.

"No," said Chris, surprised. "You found her out."

"But you made me speak to her, Chris"—Alcie's heart was burdened, and a vent had come. "There are so many Marias, and they are *the Mrs. Palmers being made*. If I could help one I could help more; and I am not doing it."

"You will," said Chris kindly. "The way will come to you."

"But I am doing nothing to bring it," said Alcie.

"You are helping everyone you come across. The rest will come fast enough."

"Not if I sit idle," said Alcie. "You know"—she hesitated, but the rare, almost unknown feeling of being fully understood drew her on irresistibly—"it is different for me. *You* help them out of pity; they have a family claim on me. The drunkard is my blood relation. I must have the ban of my inheritance: the other side—the blessing—must lie in having a power to help my brothers and sisters as only children of one family can, because they know one another so well. And I am not doing it."

"You make too much of what you call the ban," said Chris, troubled.

"I don't, I can't," said Alcie, trembling. "I am

not morbid, Chris ; I mean, I try not to be. I don't make a fate of it, but I reckon for it—I must. Three generations before me have gone down—my father, his mother, her father. And I have the temperament. I have the sensitiveness and the hungry nature. I have the sinkings and longings, moral and physical—oh! so different from Molly!"

"She has never had a trouble in her life," said Chris, with a very tender smile.

"And I was brought up in the shadow of the curse—and yet so fond of joy! I want it. I can't be like Agnes, and renounce everything but Heaven."

"Don't," said Chris.

They stood silent together. The mantel-clock struck six ; Chris moved to go, and held out his hand. Alcie gave him hers. To her amazement, it was reverently lifted to his lips. There was no trace of lover's passion in that kiss ; it was an act of homage offered to the daughter of the curse. When he raised his head, their eyes met without flinching—without even a change of colour in either of their faces. Chris said "Good-bye," with one more pressure of the hand he held.

"Good-bye," she answered.

Only when he was gone, the beauty of the act rushed back on her, and made her flush and tremble. Any beautiful thing done, in books or in life, always thrilled her deliciously ; and this was done for her—her own. She stood motionless where Chris had left her, holding the fingers of her right hand tightly in her left.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE winter slipped by—busy with evening classes, and other good things. Chris came home only for the day and two nights, at Christmas, and brought an invitation for Joe to return with him. Joe demurred, but went, and came back happy, all misunderstandings cleared away. He left the architect's office at Christmas, and went to work with his father.

Langdale's pictures were sent in to the Academy, accepted, well hung, and praised almost enough to satisfy John Arrowhead. Alcie could not go up with her father to the private view, having opportunely caught a severe cold. Langdale saw that she shrank from making any stay in London, and took up a party for a day's excursion—Emma, Joe and Molly, Alick, Jennie Constable and Alcie. They started before six, to secure a good view, and were in the Academy before nine.

Langdale's pictures were in one of the later rooms, quite empty at that hour. Dora met the party by appointment, and instead of a governess, it was her brother Chris who brought her, and said he could stay till ten.

Langdale brought them all back to the early galleries, which were sure to be crowded first. Alcie was standing a little apart when Jennie Constable came by with Chris, and said, "We want to have another look at the hind."

"Oh, so do I!" said Alcie, and joined them.

As they crossed the vestibule, a tall, strikingly handsome man came towards them, lifting his hat to Alcie. Chris saw her start and grow pale.

"Let me have the pleasure of congratulating you, Miss Langdale," said Derwent Storr—for he it was—when the first greetings had passed. "I think even you must be satisfied with the reception Mr. Langdale's work has had."

"I am," said Alcie. She had recovered herself. Chris had always felt how she could stand aloof at will, but he had never seen her use the power as she was doing now. She was perfectly self-commanded, talking easily, with cold, quiet grace. No one could have guessed how Derwent's voice, his looks, thrilled her again with the feeling that his presence would be all she wanted—all in all—if he were different!

The four walked on together, and stopped before the white hind. Derwent made pretty allusions to the sketching, and Alcie told him that Chris was Molly's brother.

The two men faced each other. Chris, a couple of inches taller than Derwent, with his broad head and shoulders, looked the big bumpkin to perfection. He did not feel it ; he was absorbed in devouring the other man, those quiet little eyes of his searching him through and through to see what he was worth. Derwent's keen eyes saw nothing but a bumpkin. He and Alcie moved on to the other picture, "Doomed." Chris and Jennie found attractions at the other side of the room, and then slipped into the next gallery. Derwent and Alcie were alone together, and intensely conscious of the fact.

Derwent knew well that there are slips which, once made, must be let alone for ever, unless the reference to them is deliberately intended to bring in a new era. He had told himself so, when he heard that Alcie was coming and resolved to meet her. But he was alone with her, no barrier between them, and he could not bear it. He finished what he was saying, paused but a moment, and spoke again.

"I asked you once if I had offended you, and you said No. But you *were* offended ; or else—hurt?"

His eyes were pleading—as they knew how. All the colour faded from Alcie's face. She had only the time while he was speaking and the moment after, in which to choose her course. She chose the truth, as nearly as it could be uttered.

"Yes, I was hurt," she answered, steadily meeting his eyes. "But I knew you did not mean me to be. You would never have said what you did, if you had known——"

She stopped short, a dreadful vista of the worst, the lowest that there was to know, rising before her. A sense of crushing shame, such as she had scarcely felt since she was a sorrowful little child, came over her ; she turned away and leaned upon the rail, the hot shame burning in her face. Derwent stood by, pale with his own pain ; but though the sight of her suffering tore him, it did not make him want to fling the world away for her ; rather, it pointed every wise, cold reason why he should refrain.

"Forgive," he murmured in a trembling voice, and wished he had not touched the wound again.

"There is nothing to forgive," said Alcie, raising her head. The bitter wave of shame had passed.

She stood erect, pale, with that air of hers that put immeasurable distance between herself and him, and said, "You showed me, once for all, how—how those of the strong race look upon Zincali. The Zincala thanks you: it is better for me to know."

There was not a trace of sarcasm in her tone or look. Its absence crushed him. He understood her meaning in using the name of a despised and outcast race.

"You must not call yourself that—it is not true," he said.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Alcie, with a strange sweet smile. "My name is written dark 'on every leaf but Heaven's.' That makes it more kind of you to have troubled to come and say what you have now."

Was she selecting what would be most torturing to him? No, he looked into her eyes, and they were grave and gentle. If there had been the faintest shadow of appeal or softness in her look, he must have poured his heart before her. There was none.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" he asked, half bitterly.

"No," said Alcie, and a grave light came into her face. "I should like to ask you, if you rise—oh, you are sure to!—When you have power, have pity. Remember the Zincali."

She held out her hand. He took it with a look that seemed to search her very soul and ask if there was any lingering feeling there for him. She met it unflinching. Their hands parted, and he was gone—where, he did not notice. He would have flung the world away for her thrice over, then, but it was too late. He went out, with his white set face, and passed by Jennie and Chris without seeing them.

Alcie had read his look. "But he will thank me to-night," she thought. She knew, when he first began, that, if he sought her, one strong motive would be the wish to do his duty, up to the highest point of honour. She preferred to do hers by him.

Jennie and Chris ventured back, after a little. Alcie stood where Derwent left her, scarcely heeding their approach.

The party were to lunch at Mrs. Arrowhead's, and go to hear music in the afternoon. Chris was to call for Dora, and take her back to school. By lunch-time, however, Alcie had a bad headache, easily accounted for by the fatigue of the day. Her ticket for the concert was given to Dora, and she herself was left reposing.

The butler was entrusted with explanations for Chris. Chris arrived sooner than he was expected, and the door was opened by a new page boy, who did not even know the ladies' names. Chris asked for Miss Dora Gundry.

"The ladies are all gone out, sir, except one."

"That will be the lady I have come for—my sister," said Chris.

On this the page ushered him into the morning-room, and there was Alcie lying back in an easy chair with the blinds down. Chris stepped back, stammering an apology.

"Come in," said Alcie. "I was not asleep;"

and she began explaining. The butler meanwhile rushed up, prepared to empty his vials upon the page; but, perceiving that the young lady and gentleman were acquainted, he only closed the door and retired. Chris meant to follow his example as soon as he knew what was arranged about Dora's escort, but Alcie handed him a sheaf of Art notices collected by Mr. Arrowhead, which she knew would please him, and he stopped to read them. Something there reminded him of Struan, whom he had sought out, and he told Alcie what a fine fellow he was, but how his hard life had left him thorny, so that he was very difficult to help. He used some expression which seemed to imply that he was to remain in London himself.

Alcie's looks fell suddenly. "I thought you were coming back," she said, unconscious that her face had spoken.

An extraordinary change passed over the face of Chris. "Yes," he said, "I shall come back."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WHOLE month passed away. The visit to London seemed remote. The season was wet and cold: Saturday parties had to wait for fine weather.

One afternoon, Alcie, wearing an old ulster, was in the garden tying up plants beaten down by the rain, when a step sounded on the path behind her, and there was Chris.

"I have come back," he said, taking off his hat.

The memory of his parting words darted into her mind; to her extreme annoyance she blushed. They shook hands in silence.

"Can I help you?" said Chris, and took out his knife to lop the broken stems and too luxuriant growths which were troubling her. She asked after friends in town, and he made return inquiries about Forestwyk folk.

"Did you take them by surprise at Greenway?" she asked.

"I have not been there yet," said Chris, stepping back on the path with his knife in his hand.

"Then you must not stay here any longer," exclaimed Alcie, blushing much worse than before in a sudden access of shyness. "They will be wondering what has become of you."

"They don't expect me," said Chris. But she was already marching off to the back gate, and he meekly accompanied her. At the moment of parting he gave her one questioning, half-pleading look, as if to say, "Do you really mean this?"

Alcie looked away, opened the gate and shut him out. What, oh what would Mrs. Gundry think if she knew that he had come there first!

Chris paused a moment outside, hanging his head—wounded sore, and a good deal embarrassed too, for if he were seen walking home up the back lane everyone would know where he had been. He looked up again. Alcie was at the turn of the path by that time, and glanced back. Their eyes met. She vanished behind a bush, grieved herself for fear that she had hurt him; but there was really nothing else to do, she thought.

Chris trudged down to the side of the wood—scaled the wall, and walked across to another

spot, where he climbed out again near an unfrequented field path to the town. Down this he went, not looking particularly unhappy. He had learned a little of the ways of young women in the past six months, and he was comparing the perfect coolness and steadiness of Alcie's manner to that splendid fellow who went away so pale, with this girlish nervousness.

"It may be only that she doesn't want me to go on," he thought. "But——"

He locked up the subject for the time being—carefully cleaned his shoes with grass before leaving the fields, lest they should betray him, and appeared at Greenway with an air of the greatest possible innocence. Everybody had just come in for tea, and there was such outcry and rejoicing—such a contrast to his first home-coming—Chris felt quite proud. He brought the thrilling news of two engagements—Agnes Jarnley, to one of the best men in her father's employ, and a younger sister also plighted.

He had soon made up his mind that the proper addition to the firm of Jarnley and Son would be not a nephew, but sons-in-law; and he went to work accordingly.

He thought he had had enough of other people's affairs of the heart, and it was quite a shock when the unsentimental Joe informed him that something ought to happen between Emma and Arthur Hall.

"What, another long engagement!" he said. "Won't it turn out the same?"

"No, she and Bentleigh dressed each other up in wings, and fell in love with the feathers; and then they moulted. This is a plain-clothes turn-out," said Joe.

"Then she must have him," said Chris, with a woful presentiment that his mother would set her mind on his marrying Ruth Hall.

He and Arthur were lifelong friends, and Arthur easily gave him his confidence. Real summer weather set in, in aid of lovers and farmers, and the betrothal took place in a hay-mow.

Poor Molly did not like it, and rushed down to Woodside to be helped to take it properly. Of course, she heard all that was true and wise from Langdale; and, coming home with her heart full, and all proper sentiments on the end of her tongue, she met Chris, and poured them out to him. Chris heard very quietly, as usual; but he went through a revolution the while. If these were Mr. Langdale's opinions, there was hope for him.

Chris had been appreciated in London: that could not fail to give him a little more confidence.

There was Alick to think of, but no one could say that he had not had a fair chance if he chose to take it.

"It comes to this," thought Chris. "One of us two must take a risk, and I'm the right one, because I could get out of her way afterwards much easier than he could. And I have so much less to lose—or for her to lose either."

It was a curious fact that when a risk had to be incurred by somebody, cautious old Chris was nearly sure to think that he was the right one.

It seemed incredibly strange actually to consider as a duty the idea of showing his heart at all risks;

but the old, lifelong habit of quietly going about his work as far as he had his orders, stood him in good stead now. He wrestled hard in prayer for heavenly guidance; then he gave Alick a fortnight longer, and went about his other business: he had no further orders, yet, for the greatest business of his life.

In one thing he had strangely altered: instead of shrinking with agony from the idea of Alcie's guessing his love, he longed for her to know.

Perhaps he might have felt differently if he had been in Langdale's study when Molly had just quitted it, after telling the news of Emma's engagement.

"Poor little Molly! It comes hard on her," said Langdale. "But when the elder ones are married off, the younger ones, who had more advantages, will have their day. I suppose we shall hear next that our good Chris is engaged to Miss Ruth."

Alcie heard with a very odd sensation—not jealousy, only a strong impression that there were mines in Chris, open to her, which Ruth Hall would never work. It seemed a pity; but there are so many pities in the world which cannot be helped.

She quite felt the difference her father noted between the elder and younger members of the Gundry family. Although Emma was well-educated and lady-like, her tastes and gifts were all those of the good housewife and woman of business. As to poor old Chris, since the age of fourteen he had had no education but what he picked up for himself—sometimes with Langdale's help. But he and Adamson must have read a great deal at Wallaboo.

Chris was not now looked down on, in the same way as he had been at first; but he was respected, even admired, *de haut en bas*, as a shepherd respects his dog. Even his best friends in Forestwyk seemed to think of him as a good dumb creature for whom allowance must be made.

Alcie went to a hay-party at the Constables', and found herself sunk in a delicious heap of hay, with half-a-dozen merry girls all teasing Jennie about the return of her "great" admirer. Chris had again distinguished himself in the cricket-field on the previous Saturday, and the girls declared that it was all for her. They saw him look round for her to smile on him, and he followed her off the field like a dog. "In his elegant way," said another young lady.

"Oh yes, the finished gentleman, *always!*"

"So he is," said stout little Jennie. "He is finished inside, if he hasn't much of a polish on him. I like him very much and I'm very glad you think he likes me, though I'm quite sure he doesn't want me, and I wouldn't have him if he did."

"You cruel little Jin, why not?"

"Oh!" Jennie gave a pretty little roguish look. "He is the sort of good old thing that nobody *could* have."

Alcie felt it was as well that Chris had not repeated his visit: yet, when alone in the garden, she listened unconsciously for the soft, heavy step. It never came. Chris dropped in two or three times with some of the others, but said very little to

her. She hoped he would be very happy *somehow*.

Mr. Brough was going to have a party. His favourite nieces, Hetty and Lina Marlowe, had come to stay with him, and before they left he wanted to give them a reunion of their nephews and nieces by compliment—as many as he could collect of the young people who had called them “Aunt Hetty” and “Aunt Lina” from childhood up. Those who were married, or going to be, might bring the partner, and Alcie had a special invitation for her father. Dora was still at school, but Emma’s partner made up the original number of five from Greenway. When the day came, between thirty and forty assembled to old-fashioned tea at half-past six, all in high spirits, delighted to meet one another and “Aunties” again. They trooped upstairs to the drawing-room after tea, and Mr. Brough and Alcie, bringing up the rear, with Aunt Lina and Joe before them, heard Joe speaking of the old rhyme cut in the wall, which used to puzzle them when they played on the leads on the top of the annex to the warehouse—“Read up and down, and you will see that I love you and you love me.”

“Ah! I was reading that to-day,” he said. “We have been clearing out, to make room for next season’s wheat, and you could get by, if you liked to go up and see the old place again.”

“Oh, I *would* like,” exclaimed each of the three.

“Come along, Aunt Lina,” said Joe, linking his arm in hers. “Don’t let anyone hear us, to have a mob.”

Mr. Brough gave them the key of the door which divided what was now all warehouse from the lower part of the house, and they scampered up. When they paused at the door, a soft heavy foot was heard behind them, and Chris said, “May I come too?”

“Oh yes, you belong to it,” said Aunt Lina.

They went across the warehouse, and up oaken stairs, out of the window so carefully blocked up in old times, and stood in the old spot, the old railing round the leads, the old view—Forest Combe with the evening shadow stealing up its broad flank—the playing-fields, and the blue river winding southwards: the great poplars pointing into the sky. The wind blew softly up the vale: St. Abbot’s chimed three-quarters. Ah! how the old times came back to the two who knew the secret of the life up there!

Lina and Joe were stepping about, crying, “Here the seat used to be: here the flower-boxes. Here is the puzzle.”

A part of the old stone-work before the garret windows still remained. Chris saw Alcie’s eyes turn wistfully towards it, and asked, “Would you like to go up there?”

“Can we get by?” said Alcie.

“I think so,” replied Chris. He mounted, moved some obstructions, and, coming back to the top of the steps, said, “You can get past.”

“Come, Aunt Lina,” said Joe, pulling her.

“My party frock, Joe,” she said, looking down at it. “I don’t think I *can*. You go with Alcie. I’ll wait for you.”

“Oh no, I’ll stop with you,” said Joe.

Chris stood waiting. “You go, dear, if you like,” said Lina to Alcie. She obeyed, and let him help her up the steps and over impediments, to the narrow strip behind the stone balustrade where she had spent so many watchful hours. Lina and Joe sat down out of sight, the crane coming between. Chris and Alcie stood silent, watching the grey shadow steal up to the top of Forest Combe. Sounds from below came floating up, faint and far; old, old memories awoke to keenest life. Alcie turned to look beyond, at the window of her own little room—where her mother had lain in the last sleep.

“That was where you used to be,” said Chris.

“And mother was,” she said very softly.

“I know,” said Chris.

“How?” asked Alcie, surprised.

“I saw her. Keren let us come up, father and me; he put the rosebud in her hand.”

Chris spoke again, after a pause. “I saw her face. That was when I learned, once for all, what it means—‘*In that day ye shall ask Me no question.*’”

“Her questioning was done,” said Alcie.

“All done. All over.”

“A little while and ye shall see Me; and in that day ye shall ask Me no question,” Chris went on again. “Agnes said the Greek word there means to see with insight—see into Him, and understand. And then we shall leave off caring to ask questions: it will be enough.”

Alcie did not answer, wondering if that could be possible to her, even in heaven.

“Chris,” she said, with a sudden thought, “you said ‘Aslauga’?”

“Because she was,” said Chris abruptly, turning his face to her. “She was *my lady*. Everywhere, always, I thought of her, and tried to do as if I wore her favour. I thought of her every day of my life, almost every hour, until—”

“Until there came *too* many other things to think of?” said Alcie with a curious little smile.

“No. Till I came home and saw you, and then—I thought about you.”

He turned away and set his elbows on the balustrade and his face on his fists. Alcie stood motionless, conscious of hardly anything but dismay at the giant tug of her own heart. There was joy in it! That must be wrong.

Then, in the breathless silence, she heard distinctly a low thudding sound: it was his great heart beating—beating for her!

Awe overwhelmed her to think what that heart must feel. Then, stealing through and over all besides, came an exquisite sense of power. The poor, brave, stifled heart—the heart of a king uncrowned—wanted the magic of her love to set it free; and love had come! It welled up from depths unknown, surging, sweeping before it fear and maiden shame. She thought of her father. He would be one with her—he must—when he knew what was in Chris. Good stupid Chris “that nobody *could* have!” “But *I can*,” she thought triumphantly. “I can!”

The silence lengthened on, till Chris began to found a trembling hope upon it. He raised his head and turned oh! what a pleading face towards

her! Instantly Alcie's calm forsook her; she shook from head to foot. Chris felt one tremendous throb, fit to sunder body and soul; then everything else was swallowed up in the rush of tenderness for her fear, her agitation. Instinctively he stretched his hand to hers, which lay on the parapet. Alcie snatched it from his touch, saying with a piteous look, "Please—we have to go down."

"Not just this minute," said Chris. "We can stay a minute and look at the sky."

His voice soothed her as it used to soothe the little ones when they were crying. She turned her face to the sky with the old feeling of being absolutely, entirely safe because Chris was taking care of her, and watched the rose of sunset mount up higher and higher, catching one grey fleece after another and flushing it with beauty. Forest Combe was all in twilight now. The great poplars stood out against the changing sky and witnessed the silent plighting of another troth.

Sounds of music came up faintly from open windows below. "We are going," called Aunt Lina's voice. "We can't wait any longer."

The two culprits posted after her, and caught up a merciful auntie waiting for them at the warehouse

door. Chris went into the drawing-room with her, Alcie following with Joe. The lights were not yet lit; everyone had been watching the wonderful sunset; and now there was a call for a duet from "Aunties."

"Don't look so moonstruck, you duffer," said Joe *sotto voce*, taking occasion to pass close to his brother. Chris roused up and made heroic efforts to do his duty. The aunts said that their music was all behind the age, but did not refuse to go on singing old songs—classics to the audience, if not to fame.

Chris dared not go near to Alcie, nor even look at her, except by stealth. Alick took her down to supper, and stood next her when the large circle joined hands for "Auld Lang Syne," and then, by Harry Constable's impromptu, made a parody of "Here's a health to all good lasses:"

"Here's a health to our good aunties;
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses;
Let the bumper toast go round."

"We never had such a party, Mr. Brough," said one and another as they bade good-bye; and Chris said "Never!"

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE sixty-sixth meeting of the British Association meets at Liverpool on September 16. The president for the year is Sir Joseph Lister, M.D., P.R.S. There are to be ten sections. The Right Hon. Leonard Courtney is president of Section E, Economic Science and Statistics; Sir C. Douglas Fox, C.E., presides in G, Mechanical Science; Dr. J. J. Thomson in Section A, Mathematical and Physical Science; in H, Anthropology, Mr. Arthur Evans, of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, presides; and in E, Geography, Major Leonard Darwin, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. Among the excursions, one of the most popular will be to the Isle of Man, extending from September 24 to 28. It was Sir Joseph Lister who created the antiseptic method of operating and treating wounds, and by so doing founded modern surgery. When Lister commenced his experiments thirty years ago, the healing of injuries or wounds after an operation lay by no means certainly in the hands of the surgeon. It was almost impossible to avoid inflammation and suppuration of the parts affected, and the ever-present wound-fevers were the despair of surgeons. Lister came to the conclusion that all the putrefactive changes to which wounds were subject, and which snatched to the grave so many patient sufferers, were due to the presence of bacteria. To combat this deleterious action he developed a system of careful disinfection of every-

thing which came into direct or indirect contact with a wound, and invented an antiseptic dressing which not only excluded bacteria from the wound, but contained all the materials required for healing. The results obtained when Lister's methods were introduced in the early seventies were astounding in their success. And to-day, thanks to his work, surgeons are able to carry out the most difficult operations without fear of the painful sequelæ which troubled those of a past generation.

THE COLDEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

A volume of meteorological observations has lately been published, showing the temperatures observed at Verchoyansk, in Russian Siberia. From November to March the average temperature is -60° Fahr., that is, ninety-two degrees below the point at which water freezes. In February 1892, the extraordinary temperature of -93° Fahr., that is, 125 degrees of frost, was reached. This is the lowest temperature recorded in any part of the globe. The mean temperature of Verchoyansk for all the year is only 1° on the Fahrenheit scale.

THE OIL WELLS AT BAKU.

A few miles to the north-east of Baku, upon the Caspian, is the remarkable oil-field of Balachani—the main area of naphtha supply, which already rivals that of America, and promises in no

distant future to become the exclusive market for all Asia, and also for the greater part of Europe. An interesting article upon the methods of obtaining the oil, and upon the many enigmas which the existence of the region, and the oil itself, presents to geologists and chemists, is contributed by Dr. W. F. Hume to a recent number of "Nature." In many instances an insignificant outlet is all that is needed for the oil to rise as a roaring fountain to a height sometimes exceeding two hundred feet, continuing in action for days and even weeks, spouting forth thousands of gallons per day, and yet in no way interfering with the supply from closely adjacent wells, which continue to yield their normal quantity. The soil is so saturated with



OIL WELLS ON FIRE AT BAKU.

oils that there is always a danger that the exhalations of gas, which escape not only through the bore-holes through which the oil is raised, but from every cleft and fissure in the ground, will take fire. Every precaution is taken to prevent such catastrophes; nevertheless, disastrous fires have occurred. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of a fire of this character, which caused an immense amount of damage, and defied all efforts to extinguish it until the supply of gas became weakened, and it burnt itself out. This natural gas escapes under water as well as on land; and Dr. Hume mentions that a favourite excursion of the inhabitants and visitors to Baku is to take steamer to a spot where the gas rises through the Caspian Sea in bubbling eddies, which on being ignited with burning tow covers the water with flames over a considerable area.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MAP OF THE MOON.

Some of the best photographs of the moon ever taken have been obtained at the Paris Observatory by MM. Loewy and Puiseux. The illustration on an adjacent page is reproduced from one of these photographs, and it gives a faithful and beautiful picture of the lunar surface. A number of such views have been taken at different ages of the moon, and enlargements have been made from them, to be used in the construction of a photographic map on a large scale. When the map is completed, it will show the moon two and a half yards in diameter. Already parts of this patchwork map have been finished, and they depict not only the general features of the moon's surface, but also a number of details and small lunar craters which are not shown upon maps constructed from visual observations. The great value of such a map as this will be for reference in cases of suspected changes upon our satellite. No very definite evidence exists that any of the formations upon the moon have altered since they were first observed with the telescope, but one or two cases of disappearance and appearance of craters have been suspected. With such a map as that being constructed at the Paris Observatory, it will be easy to settle these and other doubtful points.

TOMATOES AND CANCER.

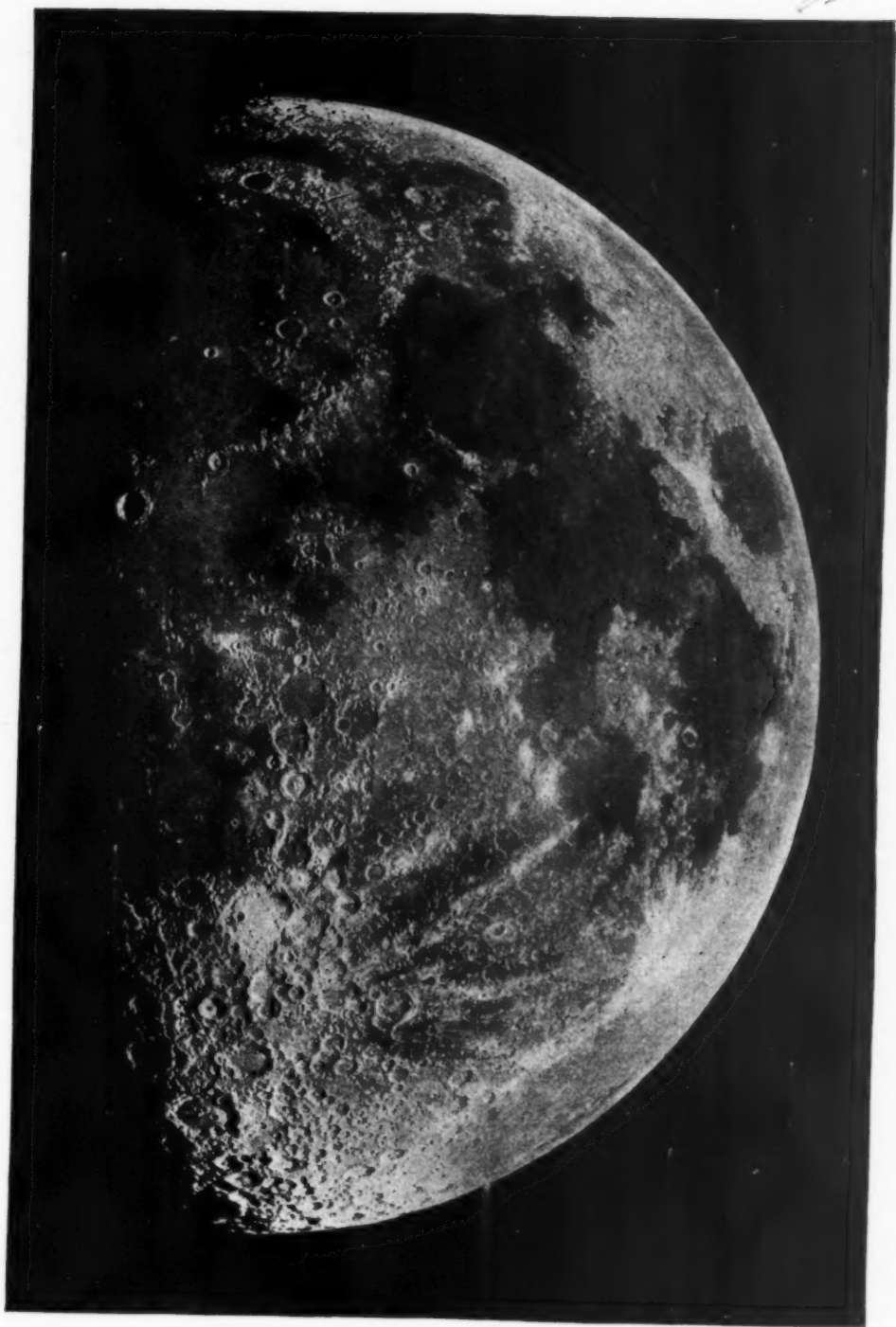
It is a common opinion that the increased consumption of tomatoes in recent years has caused an increase of that terrible disease—cancer. Medical men are constantly asked by patients whether this is the case or not; the grounds for the belief that tomatoes are injurious or likely to produce cancer being based upon an announcement supposed to have been made in the out-patient department of the Cancer Hospital in London, warning patients against this vegetable. To settle the question, the "British Medical Journal" lately communicated with the Cancer Hospital, and were informed that such an opinion had never been expressed by the staff of the hospital.

Further, the emphatic opinion of the medical staff is that there is no ground whatever for supposing that the eating of tomatoes produces the least predisposition to cancer. Another popular belief is thus shown to have no foundation in fact.

THE WORK EXPENDED IN BICYCLE PROPULSION.

An account is given in "Engineering" of a series of experiments made by M. Bouny, of Paris, to determine the power exerted in propelling a bicycle at different speeds. The method adopted was to take an autographic record of the total force exerted on the pedal through a complete revolution. An examination of the records showed, in the first place, that there was no absolute dead point such as occurs with an ordinary connecting-rod and crank motion; and, secondly, that there is

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON TAKEN AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.



always some pressure on the pedal during the rise, and this of course tends slightly to reduce the speed. For a speed of ten miles an hour, nineteen foot-lbs. of work was done per semi-revolution, and for a speed of twenty miles an hour the work done per semi-revolution was sixty-seven foot-lbs. These figures show that the average pressure of the foot required on the pedal increases very rapidly with the speed, treble the work being needed in order to double the velocity. The bicycle was run on a wooden racing-track, and the results would probably differ considerably if the trials were made on a roughish road.

A GREAT TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

"What is this world? A term which men have got, To signify—not one in ten knows what."

To assist the British people to a better and truer knowledge of the earth, Mr. Ruddiman Johnston has planned the erection in London of a great terrestrial globe on the scale of $\frac{1}{3000000}$ of nature—that is, a globe having a diameter of eighty-four

feet, and showing the earth's surface on a scale of about eight miles to the inch—a scale which gives London a space rather larger than that of a penny. Similar globes have been constructed before; there was one on view in Leicester Square, London, some years ago, and a globe of one-half the diameter was exhibited in Paris in 1889. The globe which Mr. Johnston has commenced to construct is, however, a more detailed affair altogether than any that have preceded it, and will therefore be of greater educational value. To allow visitors to examine the globe, a spiral gallery will be placed around it, and, as the globe will be kept in slow rotation, every portion of its surface will be brought into view, so that topographical and other details may be closely examined. Globes, unlike maps, show all countries in their correct relative dimensions, hence a true idea of the comparative areas of countries will be obtained from the great globe now projected. Great Britain will measure upon it about six feet from north to south, India from east to west about twenty-three feet, and the United States from east to west about thirty feet.

OCCASIONALITIES.

The Silver Hoard.

The United States presidential campaign has again brought the great silver question into prominence, and to please the West the President has ordered large quantities of silver to be coined, apparently with a view of showing how useless such a remedy will be in the unsatisfactory state of American finance. Political economists have been preaching in vain that America's money troubles are due to a redundancy of currency; but political economists are not always right, and this experiment will be carefully watched. Never before has a great country been in such a dilemma. It has over a hundred millions sterling in its Treasury, and is unable to do anything with it. During the war the Treasury issued something like ninety millions sterling in greenbacks, much of which it would have redeemed had not the outcry arisen against the contraction of the currency which forced the Government to stop the cancelling of the notes and order them to be paid out again as soon as received until they reach an unrepresentable state of dilapidation. Somehow the money troubles increased instead of diminishing, and in 1873 the country, which had hitherto been in theory bimetallic, joined the monometallic ranks by passing an Act making gold the only standard. This Act went through Congress almost without opposition, so anxious were both parties to put an end to the existing disorder. Then began the great discoveries of silver in Nevada and elsewhere, and in the hope of getting rid of the silver of the West the Bland Act was passed, ordering the Treasury to spend two million dollars a month in buying silver. And afterwards came the Sherman Act, increasing these compulsory purchases. The Treasury bought and the Treasury

coined, and soon found it impossible to force the silver into circulation. Try what it could, the people did not want the coin and would not have it, the fact being that the currency was sufficient for the country's trade. The accumulation in the vaults went on, and as a way out of the difficulty the Government began to issue silver certificates, which kept the Bland Act alive until six years ago. These certificates, however, did not diminish the glut, and now the Treasury, much against its will, is the happy possessor of five hundred and twelve million silver dollars, against which there are three hundred and forty-seven million dollars of silver certificates afloat, besides thirty-three and a half millions of deposit certificates, and a hundred and thirty-one and a half millions of Treasury notes issued in purchasing silver under Sherman's Act. The paper in circulation for the purchases thus equals the value of the metal, with which nothing can be done because the people will not have it and the trade of the country does not require it. The consequence is that the Treasury has to hoard silver and borrow gold, as, indeed, it will have to do until it takes the bull by the horns and calls in all its paper. To this, however, Congress has refused permission, hoping that such a revival of trade is in prospect as will bring the silver reserve into circulation. The revival will have to be quite American in its proportions. Free silver is no solution, for a private individual can no more force a circulation than the Government could; and if the bimetallicists have their way, silver will still pour into the Treasury vaults, and matters will probably get worse, as it must be paid for either in silver or notes or borrowed gold, and the only result will be that the producers of silver will thrive

at the expense of everyone else in the country. Were the United States content to trade only within their own boundaries and use only the capital of their own people in their own territories, they might somehow find a way out of the deadlock; but with their foreign trade and foreign capital they are, like every other country, at the mercy of the world's money market, no matter what the standard may be. Monometallism, bimetalism, polymetallism are of no avail in such cases. The currency may be of paper, metal, wheat, or water, but it must necessarily depend for its value on the vagaries of trade, the only value being relative demand.

The Quarter-deck. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the old Foudroyant, now on view in the Thames, is her quarter-deck, which is a kind of missing link in quarter-decks that all should see who are interested in that oft-mentioned place on shipboard. The quarter-deck comes down to us from the days of the fighting galleys. It was originally a narrow platform aft, from which the officers could look down into the ship and see the men at work. To enable the officers to get into the bow without going among the crew, a gangway was laid from it along each side to the forecabin. The next step was a cross platform at the foot of the forecabin joining the ends of the gangways so that the officers could walk all round the ship. By-and-by the gangways and platforms were made wide enough and strong enough to carry guns, until at last the position of affairs became as we have it on the Foudroyant, where a central space is left open over the main-deck, crossed only by the beams which were necessary for strengthening purposes. The next step was to cover over this space, and thus give the upper-deck, the after part of which abaft the mainmast retained its name of quarter-deck, although the special deck there had ceased to exist. The Foudroyant thus carries her guns on her lower-deck, her main-deck, and her quarter-deck; the ships of later date carried theirs on their lower-deck, main-deck, and upper-deck; in fact, her quarter-deck is merely an upper-deck with a well in it. In other respects she is an interesting representative of those bluff-bowed old craft in which we gained the supremacy of the seas. So round is she in the bow that she has a bow-walk on to which two port-holes open for the bow chasers to work through. At present she is anchored near the Warspite, but she can be recognised anywhere by her flying the old ensign without St. Patrick's Cross in the union; and a very pretty flag it is, though perhaps our politicians might not think it advisable to say so.

Feathers. In that interesting book, "The Life of Joseph Wolf," there is a remark of the artist's anent feathers which some of the exhibitors at the Royal Academy might profitably make a note of. It had been said of Wolf, "He knows how to paint feathers." Wolf's reply was, "There is no sense whatever in this—none

whatever. They have no idea of the difference in feathers. For instance, an owl's feather is a soft, fluffy thing, whilst a falcon's is hard. One floats in the air, and another falls to the ground so that you can hear it. The tail of a woodpecker is as stiff as a piece of whalebone. The feather of an owl is a ghost—you can hear nothing. But when an eagle or a lammergeier folds up its wings they rattle like cardboard. When I came to the smaller birds, like jays and bullfinches, I enjoyed doing their feathers. They are split feathers, and they almost dissolve themselves into hairs. You do not see any outline to them. In the owls they would not appear so very soft if the feathers were plain; but the markings are zigzag and zigzag and dots, and all sorts of small marks, which make the whole bird look beautifully blended and soft in appearance." Speaking of another artist, Wolf continued: "His feathers used to be too wide. That amounts to something if you only get six in when you ought to have a dozen. When I began to study I used to measure the feathers with a pair of compasses, and I had no difficulty then in getting the right number into their place. After you have been doing it in this way carefully for a time, it comes quite natural to you. For instance, in drawing an eagle's tail spread, I had no occasion to count the twelve feathers. They came right by themselves."

The Employment of Women. The employment of women continues to increase, but to nothing like the extent that is generally supposed—in fact, it is only very slightly greater than the normal increase of the population. The current view that women are replacing men to a considerable extent in industry is much in want of confirmation. As was ably pointed out in the Parliamentary Report a couple of years ago, two main causes of error have affected the popular opinion on the subject. In the first place, it has been assumed too hastily that recent tendencies towards the greater employment of middle-class women are representative of a general change in all departments. But this is not the case. The industrial position of women varies with the degree of prosperity of the men in the class to which they belong. The wives and daughters of men of small producing and earning power have at all times been obliged to go out to work. As the man's earning power increases it becomes possible for the family to be supported by his earnings, and the greater comfort thus obtained in the home creates a general feeling that the wife, at least, should not work for wages; with increasing prosperity and a rising standard of comfort the services of the daughters can also be retained. In England during the last hundred years the great increase in productive power through the introduction of machinery has largely increased the number of men able to support their daughters, while the need for their services at home has decreased. In the middle class, a high standard of comfort, a smaller field for domestic usefulness, a diminished chance of getting married, and apprehension with regard to the future have combined

to encourage the entrance into the labour market of middle-class girls. At the same time a compensating movement has been going on among the less prosperous classes, by whom the benefit to the family obtainable by the women devoting themselves to housework is being gradually recognised. Thus it comes about that on the whole the employment of married women is decreasing, and the slight increase in the employment of the unmarried is due to the increasing number of girls under twenty-five years of age in the lighter occupations. It is not in the factories that women are increasing, but in the offices, and that to only a trifling extent when we take the country as a whole.

The Genius
of the Lamp.

The genius of the lamp is a perverse genius. Instead of providing us with a lamp that is safe and light-giving, he tempts us with one that is cheap and showy. Instead of working in metal he works in crockery and glass, and plays into the hands of the fire fiend. Nothing would seem to be easier than to put on sale in our smaller shops attractive-looking metal lamps that would be safe, easy to clean, and give a good light. Why does not somebody do this? A glance at the windows of the lamp-sellers is enough to fill a timid householder with despair. The few metal lamps on view are most of them atrociously ugly and clumsy; the lamps that outnumber them as twenty to one are either of common glass or opal glass or patterned china. And yet every inquiry that has been held has shown the danger of these easily breakable and generally top-heavy lamps. In London alone the year before last there were four hundred and fifty-three disasters, and thirty-two deaths, from lamp accidents. Last year, out of a thousand fires caused by paraffin lamps, it was found that three-fourths of them were due to the breakage or the upsetting of the lamp, the rest being assigned to explosions, most of them very doubtfully. Four hundred and two of these fires were caused by lamps that broke, and of these broken lamps three hundred and ninety-four had reservoirs of glass or crockery; while out of four hundred and forty-seven lamps of these fragile materials which were dropped, only thirty remained unbroken. Of course we shall be told that lamps were not made to be dropped, but surely such an eventuality should be provided against. Another point to which our lamp-makers might direct their attention is the utterly insufficient manner in which the burner is screwed or hitched on to the reservoir. Such paltry screws as are fitted to cheap lamps are a scandal. The thread is so thin and shallow that it wears away in no time, and the starting point is so indefinite that the thread is crushed away before the week is out. Out of the fifty-nine cases in which the lamp had a metal reservoir, the fire was caused by the burner coming off owing to its not being securely fastened. There are other causes of accident that might easily be prevented. For instance, in seventy-two cases the oil became ignited by escaping through the burner, and in a

hundred and eighty cases of explosion there was an open channel between the flame and the bulk of the oil. The many ways of preventing all this trouble are so obvious that there must be scope for dozens of patents. To begin with, a lamp should be firm and heavy on its base, and not carry its reservoir so high up as to be top-heavy. It should have a reservoir that is unbreakable by an ordinary fall; it should have the wick in a tube running down almost to the bottom of the reservoir, so that the inflammable vapour beneath the flame should be as little as possible; it should have an extinguishing apparatus to put out the light automatically as soon as it gets out of the vertical; and it should have a sensible screw or bayonet-joint that would stop every effort of the burner to go for a cruise on its own account.

It is really wonderful what pains a German Enterprise Again. German will take to do a trade. The latest thing out in periodicals is the German "Japanese Industrial Advertiser" distributed gratis throughout Japan and found on the tables of the hotels and clubs and scattered wholesale into the houses and huts. It is printed in the Japanese character and in what is intended to be the Japanese language, containing, however, many screamingly funny mistakes, so that the merry Japs have taken to it as if it were a comic newspaper. Such mistakes are, however, pardonable, considering that it is printed in Berlin and shipped out in quires. What a nice little job it must be, unless it is printed from process plates; for in the first number close on five thousand different characters appear! Fancy writing a descriptive article of a factory in Japanese! And there is to be an endless series of these, all of them dealing, of course, with the greatest factories on earth—that is, in Germany—puffs prodigious without an advertisement, for no further advertisement is required. Among other things is a long list of German shippers, with details of the goods they can supply, showing that everything under the sun is either made in Germany or can be had from Germany. Not only is the "Advertiser" moving along, but it is taking a crowd of satellites with it, handbooks, pamphlets, catalogues, calendars—in fact, a complete advertising battery. And there is a Chinese edition of all this coming soon, so that the Far East is to become quite literary. Really one cannot help admiring those young Germans of Berlin. What an amount of trouble it must be to them, though the novelty is, of course, not in the principle, but in its application! Another practice they have started would seem to be more direct in its influence. The commercial travellers are returning home every year, so as not only to take the new things out with them, but to tell people at home what is really required, and personally explain the conditions of the trade and rectify the mistakes that have been made concerning it. We suspect that the "Advertiser" will come in for a good deal of overhauling. However, there is nothing like perseverance.

Varieties.

Newfoundland.—There has been a turn for the better in the affairs of the unfortunate colony of Newfoundland. For the first time for ten years the Treasurer of the colony was able, when he last presented his financial statement, to report a surplus. It amounted to £40,000, and was due to drastic economy practised by the Government since the disasters which befel the island two years ago. Savings were effected in every direction. There were reductions in the amounts spent on roads, on the relief of the poor, and on education; and the salaries of all the Government officials underwent serious reductions. One important piece of work has been continued in spite of the embarrassments of the colony. This is the making of the railway across the island. For months past, rails have been laid at the rate of a mile and three-quarters a day, and it is expected that the railway will be completed early in 1897. The line is nearly six hundred miles long. For the greater part of its length it runs through an uninhabited country. It has been nearly ten years in building. An army of men have been at work on it. What they will all do when it is finished is a question which has been perplexing the colony. There are only 200,000 inhabitants on the island; and to have 2,000 men thrown out of work about the same time is a matter for uneasiness. The city of St. John's is also recovering itself. It has lately been connected with the outlying suburbs, and the villages for twenty miles around, by an electric railroad system worked by water power. On the island there is now a more hopeful spirit for the future, and also concerning federation with the Dominion of Canada. The last overtures for confederation were made when Sir Mackenzie Bowell was Premier of Canada. This was in 1895. The people of Newfoundland now entertain the hope that the new Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, will be disposed to make easy terms in order to bring in the only outlying colony of British North America.

French Settlement at Kensington.—In reference to the "Variety" on p. 409 (July "Leisure Hour"), a correspondent says that Edwardes Square is likely to have been mistaken for Kensington Square adjoining. The latter square was formed in 1685, but not for Huguenot Refugees. From the first it was inhabited by persons of eminence, such as the Duchess of Mazarin, the Earl of Gainsborough, and others. Edwardes Square was subsequently built. It is said that in one of the houses in Kensington Square are two secret chambers, a powdering room, and a ghost chamber. Our correspondent does not know which house it is which has this mysterious reputation, but remarks that there is a good deal about Old Kensington that still requires investigation.

Sir Walter Scott in Poets' Corner.—There have been many disputes about the propriety of giving to some poets the honour of being canonised by a memorial in Westminster Abbey. But when the proposal to have a bust of Sir Walter Scott in Poets' Corner was made, the idea met with universal approval, and the Dean at once gave his consent. At the meeting in the house of John Murray in Albemarle Street, the Marquis of Lothian presiding, the resolution, proposed by Lord Balfour of Burleigh and seconded by Sir Theodore Martin, was, "That the erection of a memorial to Sir Walter Scott would be in accordance with the national sentiment, and a source of gratification to all English-speaking people." The presence of the Duke of Westminster, Dean Bradley, and other distinguished Englishmen, proved that the sentiment was not confined to Scott's compatriots. Mr. Murray said that the room in which they now sat was that where Scott first met Byron, and that Sir Walter's desk was on the chairman's table, and his portrait was on the wall of that historically famous apartment. It was also resolved that the bust to be erected in the Abbey should be a

reproduction of the bust at Abbotsford by Chantrey. Certainly there will be no memorial in Poets' Corner worthier of being a companion of Shakespeare and Handel than that of the author of "Marmion" and "Waverley."

The Book-World.—It has more gates than Thebes had, for one opens in every book. Of course some books, as you may see at a glance, admit only to dust-heaps, slums, and purileus, but countless others lead us into what Keats calls "the realms of gold." Time and space, insurmountable barriers to many of us who long to explore the visible world in which we live, vanish in the book-world. You have but to open a little gate to pass at will from a lonely lodging to the best companionship; from squalor to beauty, from discord to music, from a sick-bed to all the life of country and town, from melancholy to mirth, from sadness to consolation, nay, from surroundings of sordid earthliness through the Beautiful Gate of the Book of Books you may enter the Holy Land itself. Why do many of us visit so seldom the world of books? Why do we confine ourselves to two or three of its plots and gardens, forgetting we are free to range at will in many "goodly states and kingdoms"?—J. M. S. M.

Astronomical Notes for September.—The autumnal equinox, making day and night of equal length all over the world, takes place this year on the 22nd of the present month, when the Sun becomes vertical over the equator about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. On the 1st day he rises at Greenwich at 5 h 15 m in the morning, and sets at 6 h 44 m in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5 h 37 m and sets at 6 h 13 m. The Moon becomes New at 1 h 43 m on the afternoon of the 7th; enters her First Quarter at 4 h 10 m on the morning of the 14th; becomes Full at 10 h 50 m on the evening of the 21st; and enters her Last Quarter at 1 h 58 m on the morning of the 30th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 8th (this being so soon after New Moon high tides may be expected), and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. Soon after her rising on the 26th (which takes place at Greenwich at 6 h 52 m, i.e. 1 h 5 m after sunset), she will occult or pass over some of the stars in the Pleiades. The planet Mercury will be at his greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 13th, and will be visible in the evening after sunset until the last week in the month; about the middle of it he will be near the bright star Spica, in the constellation Virgo. Venus is now increasing in brilliancy as an evening star, setting, however, not much more than half an hour after sunset; she passes early in the month from Leo into Virgo, and will be about three degrees due north of Spica on the 23rd. Mars continues to approach us (at the beginning of the month his distance is the same as that of the Sun) and to increase in brilliancy; he is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Taurus, and on the 24th will be about six degrees due south of the star Beta, which forms the tip of one of the Bull's horns, but really seems to belong to the well-defined group Auriga. Jupiter is a brilliant object in the early morning, situated in the constellation Leo; he will be very near its brightest star Regulus in the third week of the month. The slow-paced Saturn is still in Libra, but sets by the end of the month only about an hour and a half after sunset. The third comet of this year is not a stranger, but a return of that which was discovered by Mr. W. R. Brooks at the Smith Observatory, Geneva, in the State of New York, on July 6, 1889, and was found to have a period of about seven years. On the present occasion it was first seen by M. Javelle at the Nice Observatory on the morning of June 21, and will be nearest the Sun in the course of the present month. It has increased slowly in brightness since its discovery, but has never been visible to the naked eye.—W. T. LYNN.

For Rainy Days.

SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEARCH PASSAGES.

SEAS AND STREAMS.

Two prizes are offered for largest numbers correct. First Prize, "Sea Pictures," by Dr. Macaulay, illustrated. Second Prize, "Handbook of English Literature," by Joseph Angus. Give source and author of each passage.

1. "Drawing into his narrow earthen urn
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland."
2. "Whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years."
3. "Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheap-
side."
4. "A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes."
5. "Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way."
6. "The crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold."
7. "From his alder shade and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams."
8. "The night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."
9. "The gentleness of Heaven is on the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."
10. "Like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea."
11. "Sea that breakest for ever, that breakest and never
art broken,
Like unto thine, from of old, springeth the spirit
of man."
12. "I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tide, tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and the mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS.

THIRD AND FOURTH OF SERIES.

To each of the Eight Competitors who send in the best answers to the Series of four Acrostics completed this month, a year's issue of the "Leisure Hour" will be awarded, beginning with the part for November next. It will be observed that the Third Acrostic is given in quotations, while the Fourth is not, and is accordingly more difficult.

THIRD OF FOUR.

1. "Come let me clutch thee;
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."
2. "A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France."
3. "If justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation."
4. "His jest will savour but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it."
5. "Good lord archbishop,
What is her name?"

6. "It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."
7. "To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung."
8. "I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O! what learning is."
9. "A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight."

(The initials of words indicated above, spell the following):

"A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself."

FOURTH OF FOUR.

1. Three dared the search for this (runs the romance),
The right man found it, by a happy chance.
2. Amazed by fays, Five-witted, on my word,
Dost thou mistake a fairy for a bird?
3. A mournful name it need not always bear,
This flower, which, soon or late, we all must wear.
4. Priz'd as a love-gift, to the owner's grief
'Tis stolen, and then bartered by the thief.
5. More fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea,
Has ever villain breathed, so base as thee?
6. Though fine his clothes, 'twas said he lacked the art
To wear them with distinction, and look smart.

(The initials of words indicated above, spell the following).

Never too old to learn, you say. If this be true,
Young Wisdom, tell us, who shall tutor you?

Give act and scene of each of the above references.

The Prize Competitions for this volume close with this number. Answers to the above will be published next month, and the names of prize-winners will be found, among the Advertisements, in the November part.

RULES.—All answers must be received by Friday, September 25, must have "Leisure Hour Competitions" written outside, must contain blue coupon, and may contain replies to all three competitions. No private correspondence possible.

ANSWERS FOR JULY.

A. SEARCH PASSAGES.

1. *Sericana*, "Paradise Lost," Milton. 2. *Munich*, "Hohenlinden," Campbell. 3. *Birnam*, "Macbeth," Shakespeare. 4. *Ananadu*, "In Xanadu," Coleridge. 5. *Auburn*, "Deserted Village," Goldsmith. 6. *Dryburgh*, "Yarrow Unvisited," Wordsworth. 7. *Venice*, "A Toccato," Browning. 8. *Fetheringay*, "Father of the Forest," Watson. 9. *Amalfi*, "Amalfi," Longfellow. 10. *Bagdad*, "Arabian Nights," Tennyson. 11. *Athena*, "10 Liberty," Shelley. 12. *Gibraltar*, "A Southern Night," Arnold.

B. SELECTIONS.

Twelve books for country reading.—1. "Lorna Doone." 2. "Esmond." 3. "Silas Marner." 4. "David Copperfield." 5. "Heroes and Hero-worship." 6. "John Inglesant." 7. "Tom Brown's School-days." 8. "Hereward the Wake." 9. "Flat-Iron for a Farthing." 10. "Vicar of Wakefield." 11. "Life of Scott." 12. "Westward Ho!"

C. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

FIRST OF FOUR.

M—amillius . . . "Winter's Tale," Act I., Sc. 1.
I—mogen . . . "Cymbeline," Act I., Sc. 7.
R—ichard . . . "Richard II.," Act III., Sc. 3.
A—bergavenny . . . "Henry VIII.," Act I., Sc. 1.
N—orway . . . "Hamlet," Act I., Sc. 2.
D—esdemona . . . "Othello," Act II., Sc. 2.
A—utolycus . . . "Winter's Tale," Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Miranda,"
Tempest,
Act III.,
Sc. 1.

